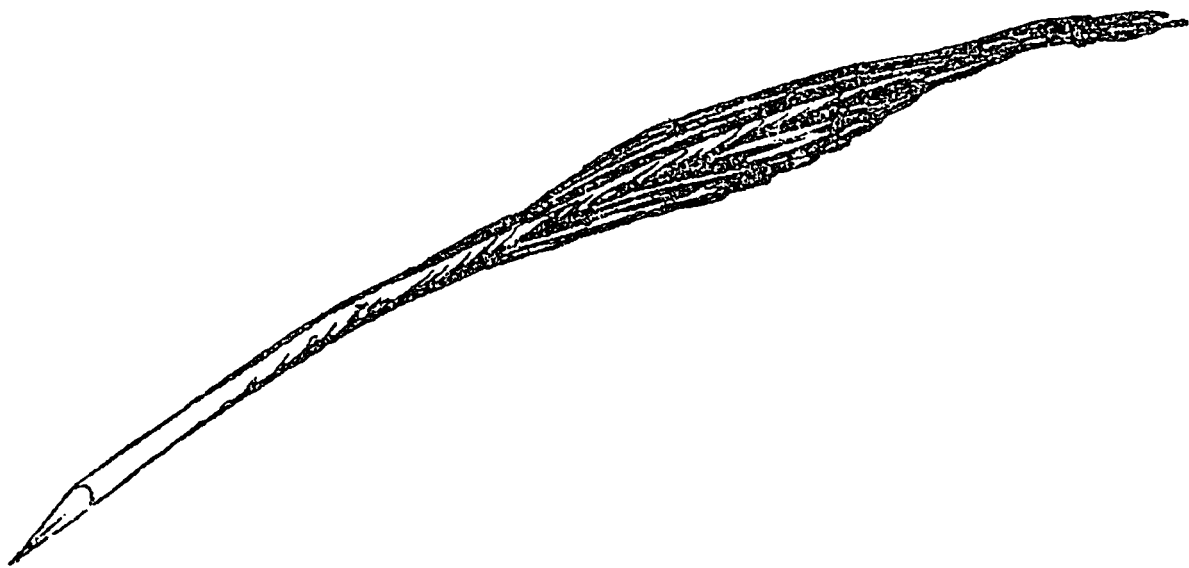
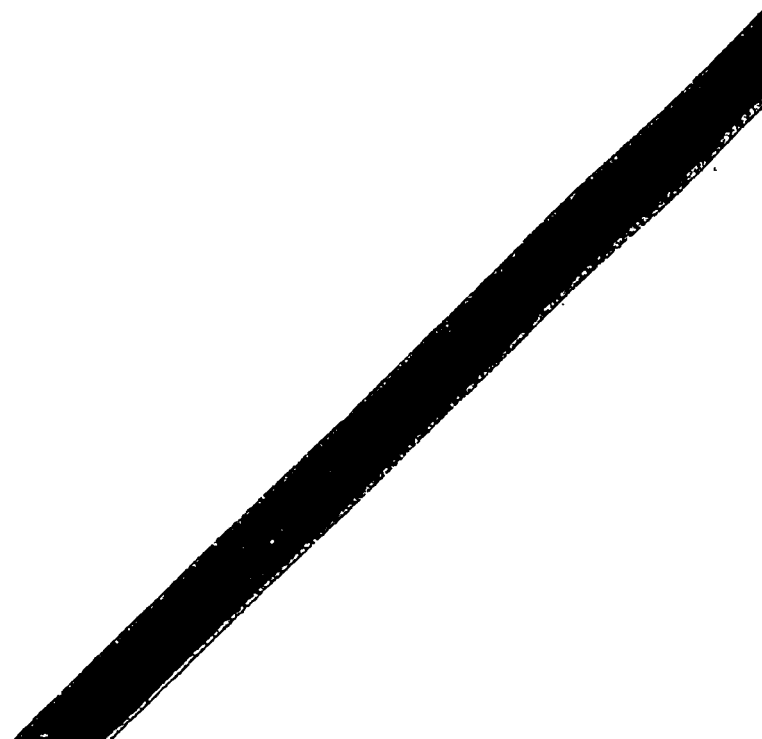


BRANDON  
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VOL. 21  
COMMENCEMENT  
NUMBER 1924



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Brandon's Departmental Store

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Trunks, Suit Cases and Club Bags for your Vacation.

—o—

Ladies', Men's and Children's Bathing Suits.

—o—

Women's Sportwear Suits, Dresses, Coats, Sport Skirts, Blouses, Lingerie, Underwear, Millinery, Corsets, Sweaters, Neckwear, in up to minute styles.

—o—

Men's and Boys Summer Suits, Flannels, Shirts, Straw Hats, Caps, Raincoats and Furnishing.

—o—

Summer Footwear.

—o—

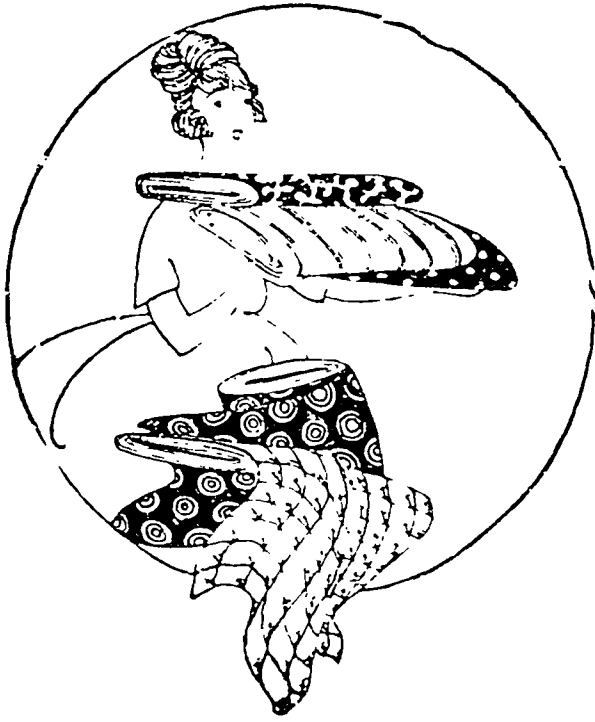
Drug Sundries, Books and Stationery, Gloves and Hosiery.

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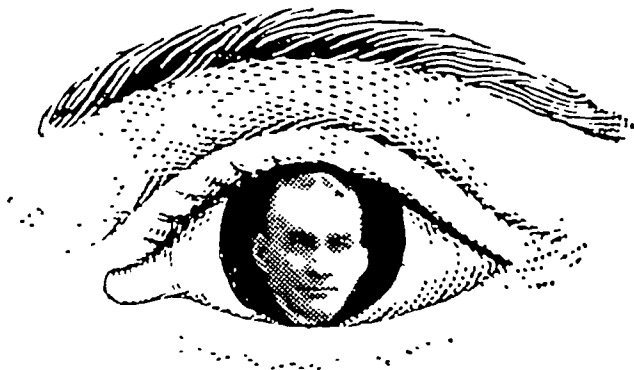
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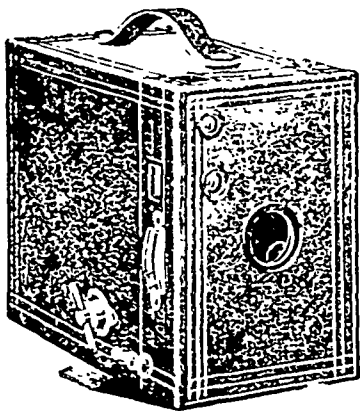
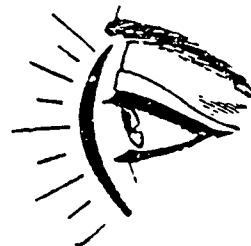
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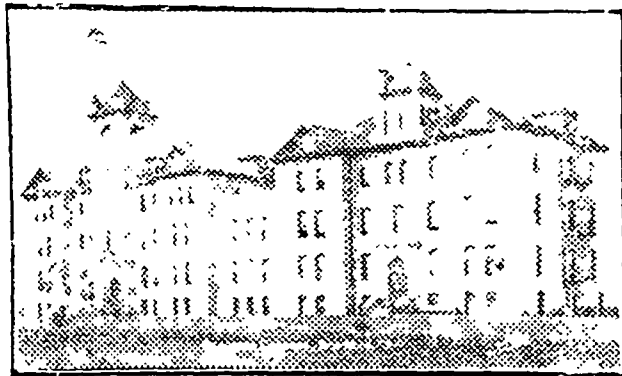


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PRESIDENT SWEET



Brandon College





DR. H. L. MacNEIL  
Dean in Arts



MRS. O. A. C. WILKINS  
Lady Principal Clark Hall

## CLASS SONG

*Aria from Rigoletto*

Here to her dwelling, gentle impelling,  
 Wisdom hath called us, sweetly enthralled us,  
 Life to learn duly, life to live truly  
 Dear Alma Mater, guided by thee,  
 Pledge we to duty, youth in its beauty  
 Strong, pure and free, strong, pure and free.

Time ever flowing, bids us be going  
 Forward be straining, ever attaining,  
 Loyal unswerving, living and serving  
 Dear Alma Mater faithful to thee,  
 Right shall defend us, honor attend us  
 Truth keep us free, Truth keep us free.

---

MOTTO:

Vitam vivere vero.

COLORS:

Green and White.

---

## YELL

Ichaloochie Michaluki  
 Waskawawee Rah  
 Hawanatchie Kamaratchie  
 Wamaluka Ha  
 Pamahawis Pamahawis  
 Ishkadizzy Or  
 Here's to Alma Mater  
 Brandon '24

# PERMANENT EXECUTIVE



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President



M. McKENZIE  
Vice-President



EDYTHE BALL  
Secretary-Treasurer



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# Brandon College Quill

FOUR NUMBERS A YEAR

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VOL. XII

JUNE

NO. 4

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Editor-in-Chief	Marjorie B. McKenzie
Assistants	Lillian E. Edmison, C. Cole
Consulting Editor	Jennie M. Turnbull M. A.
Biographers and Reporters	Members of Class '24

## BUSINESS STAFF

Managers	A. J. Kennedy, D. R. Doug
Advertisers	Members of Class '24

---

To the student stepping out from College halls to-day,—as never before—is presented a wonderful field of opportunity: to such, life offers infinite possibilities. Is this graduate of the hour, ready to grasp the opportunity that is his and thereby make his life count for something great and noble: is he ready to accept the challenge the world gives him to prove worthy of entering into the greater responsibilities and obligations of life, by reason of his superior advantages: with his glimpse of the grander things, is he going to look up and aspire, or is going to grovel and shirk his task? His opportunity confronts him, what is he going to make it?

A similar thought is delightfully expressed by one, in these words, "Your future fortunate graduate, like a great block of pure white marble, stands untouched before you. You hold the chisel and mallet—your ability, your education—in your hands. There is something in the block for you and it lives in your ideal..... Will you smite the block and shatter it into an unshapely or hideous piece; or will you call out a statue of usefulness, of grace and beauty, a statue which will tell the unborn generations the story of a noble life?"

Class '24, standing "tiptoe on the threshold of active life" has had the door of opportunity graciously opened to them by their Alma Mater: it but remains for them to be ready,

*"To seize the passing moment big with fate  
From Opportunity's extended hand,  
When the great clock of destiny strikes Now!"*

## CLASS HISTORY

This is the story of a band of bold, bad buccaneers. At the very beginning of the tale, however, it might be well to say that this band eventually reformed and abandoned their pirating practices. The change of heart of the pirates was brought about through sailing the Sea of College Days as members of the Brandon College Fleet.

It was just four years ago that a small group of the Sloop "Academy's" crew aspired to board the Freshman Galley, a larger vessel of the Pirate Fleet of Brandon College. Although the raid was successful, the numbers of the party were reduced greatly during the battle and new recruits had to be found to help in the navigation of the galley. Press-gangs were sent out in all directions and some fifty unseasoned ship-hands were gathered together to sail the vessel. Captain Kidd Carter was elected to lead the crew. Pirate Maria Grant was chosen to serve as First Mate with Pirate Joe Johnson as Bursar and Pirate Lillian Edmison as Supervisor of the cook's galley. Soon the crews of the other ships of the Fleet boarded our Galley and put the new recruits through severe initiation exercises, including that of walking the plank, that they might be ranked as genuine buccaneers.

While sailing the Sea of College Days the crew of the "Freshman" occasionally indulged in work but festivities of various kinds often occupied much of their time. As a result of this, many of the pirates received Soup Tickets which, sad to relate, were not issued from the cook's galley but from the cabins of the mighty admirals. At the end of a year the Sophomore Boat was sighted and after a council of war it was decided to capture this boat and desert the old Freshman Galley.

Such formidable enemies as Maths., Latin, English and Bible were the fierce defenders of the Sophomore Boat. The results of the battle showed that many of the Freshman crew had survived but only about fifteen boarded the new boat, many having transferred to foreign fleets. However, six new members were picked up in the open sea of the Outside World. They had formerly served in the crews of other sloops and galleys. One of these buccaneers always failed to have her musket loaded and was continually borrowing the black liquid ammunition from her companions.

Captain Marjorie Kidd McKenzie was now chosen to command the boat. It was not long until the boat's stock of provisions became low and a raid was made with life boats upon the Port of Carroll to replenish the larder. At various other times during this year's voyage, through the kindness of the lady pirates, the vessel was enabled to call at their several homes. After some months the Sophomore Boat sprang a leak and it became necessary for the crew to swim to the Junior Ship which, fortunately, was not far away. In the water, sharks of the species *examinensus* were encountered but they were successfully overcome and the Junior Ship safely reached.

This year's voyage was directed by Captain Kidd Maxwell. The cook's galley was efficiently supervised by Pirate Edythe Ball and the position of Bursar was filled in a business-like way by Pirate Cole. The monotony of the strenuous pirate life was relieved by numerous buccaneering amusements but a goodly amount of work was done between times. The Junior Ship was well represented on the staff of the fleet publication by Pirates, McKenzie, Edmison, Kennedy and Cole. Pirate Carter, a former capt. in, was at this time elected to the position of Admiral Stick of the Fleet. Later, in a dense fog, the Junior Ship collided with the Flagship "Senior." Luckily the old Junior Ship sank slowly and a transfer was easily made to the superior vessel.

Captain Kidd Kennedy now took the helm and was ably assisted by First Mate Lillian Edmison. The crew recognized Pirate Edythe Ball's splendid work as Supervisor of the cook's galley by retaining her in that office for another year. Pirate Doig was chosen as the new Bursar. The crew of the "Senior" entertained the pirates of the Fleet at a Uto Buccaneero and were later invited to similar entertainments given by the crews of other vessels. Grand Admiral Sweet and Mrs. Sweet right royally entertained the crew at a magnificent feast, which event will long remain fresh in the memories of the pirates. The crew held several piratical parties and landings were again made at the homes of some of the crew. Professor-Pirate Dadson, our Honorary Captain, entertained the Senior crew in a way worthy of our forebear, Captain Kidd himself.

The Flagship was ably represented in the Fleet activities. The lady pirates by their dramatic ability brought honor to the ship while Pirates Dorrett, Van Schaick, Carter and Baldwin were successful in the athletic competitions. The new members, Pirates Adeline Bailey and Alex. Derby brought further distinction to the Flagship in their high attainments. The en-

the Fleet was very sorry to hear of Admiral Stick Carter's withdrawal from active service on account of illness and all join in wishing him the best of luck and health in the future.

At last the crew of the "Senior" prepared to raise the flag, commemorating the completion of their voyage. In the course of its four voyages the crew's outlook upon life has been changed and it now renounces the traditional views of pirates. The motto chosen during the Freshman voyage "Vitam Vivere Vero" now replaces the skull and cross-bones upon our flag and "to live a life in truth" has become our ideal.

J. M. MAXWELL.

## Russel Mayhew Baldwin



⊙

*"This way of talking of his, very much  
culivens  
The conversation among us of a more se-  
date turn."*

⊙

Class '24 is noted for its extreme modesty and it is due to members such as Russel that it has attained this reputation. "Russ" is so modest that it was difficult to solicit enough information from him to write this brief biographical sketch. Finally, however we secured the following, which though very brief is to the point.

"Born in Brandon—Live in Benito—Public school and grades nine and ten in Benito—1919-20 grad eleven in Brandon Collegiate—1920 Brandon College and Class '24."

This is Russel's history as told by himself and for further information referred us to the police court records. To his classmates, however, his career in college has not been quite so uneventful. Certainly no member of Class '24 has succeeded in winning a larger share of respect and esteem from his classmates. Russel is blessed with an abundance of genial good nature and a fine sense of humour, gifts which he has used to good advantage at class meetings and functions.

As for college activities, Russel declares that he has served in no capacity other than as a member of the Initiation Committee. This committee gave ample scope for his love of fun and the freshmen will no doubt substantiate the statement that he did his duty well. But Russel's contribution to college life and to Class '24, although unpretentious, had added in no small way to the enjoyment of college days and has won for him the cordial esteem and friendship of all.

Russel, like a dutiful son, choosing to follow in his father's footsteps hopes some day to hang out the shingle, announcing: "R. M. Baldwin M.D." We wish him every success and solicit for him the cliental of those who read this sketch.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Fervent Hope:—That the examiner will agree with him.

Strong Conviction:—"I don't know a thing."



## Edythe Isabel Ball

*She was active, stirring, all alive  
Could not rest, could never tire*



A little lady with shining blue eyes, a bright cheery countenance and a catchy, merry little laugh, invaded the ranks of Class '21 one day a few years ago. It was Edythe. Since then, this group has found in her a very active and enthusiastic member—an indispensable addition to its numbers.

With the ease that accompanies a clever student, Edythe made her way through the Brandon Public Schools and Collegiate, at the conclusion of which she decided to embark on a college course. The choice was a happy one, for where might better opportunities be offered in giving scope to her unique talents and numerous interests? Many and varied are the activities in which the last few years have found Edythe engaged. At one time we see her as the love-sick Miss Wells in "The Florist's Shop," or Josephine in "Un Frate Rendi", now, replying to the toast "Our Ladies" at the Arts Banquet, now, racing off with minute-book under her arm to a meeting of the Students' Executive, or perhaps she is offering useful suggestions at an Arts Banquet Committee meeting, again, we find her engineering a toboggan party or a picnic-breakfast, at other times we see her hastening to lectures, stopping just long enough in the corridor to inquire of some one if they could give her a little ink for the pen that is constantly in need of filling.

Whatever may be the setting of Edythe's activities the girl lets it stand out as a true type of the woman of to-morrow. She is a true friend, remains loyal to her ideals and possesses a tenacity of purpose that will make for high success in the future. Into whatever realm of activity Edythe may choose to enter, the very warmest good wishes of her class-mates accompany her.

### SNAPSHOTS

Ambition: To become a caterer

Pet Phrase: "That's just pretty good, that is."

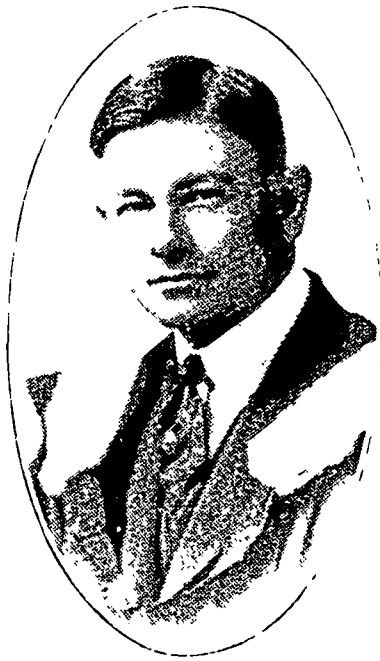
Favorite: Point teams

## Ernest John Church

•

*"We doubt not that for one so true  
There must be other nobler work to do."*

•



It was at Chelsea, Quebec that Ernest Church set out upon his checkered career and began his steady climb to fame and fortune. Within a few months his adoring parents becoming cognizant of our hero's remarkable perspicacity decided to seek a more expansive environment in the Canadian West. Accordingly they settled in Dauphin where in public and in high

school Ernest voraciously imbibed his full share of the knowledge that was dispensed.

In the meantime the war broke out. Ernie, though ordinarily not of a vindictive nature, has never forgiven the Kaiser for his unsportsman-like trick in starting the war before he was old enough to don the khaki. However he fooled them all and did his bit overseas, first with the C.A.M.C. and later with the R.A.F.

In the Fall of '19 "Kirk," home again, and full of the roving spirit decided to continue his ramblings, this time in the intellectual realm. He entered Brandon College, completed his Academy in '20 and joined the famous class of '24. College has been a steady revelation of his versatile ability and sterling worth. During his course he has won two general proficiency and three Eric Dennis scholarships. He has served on committees "too numerous to mention," has headed up the S.C.M., the Debating Society and the Men's Student Council, with that infectious vigour and enthusiasm so characteristic of him.

In addition to his college activities, Church, during the past three years, has devoted much of his time to the Strathelair and Shoal Lake mission fields.

Whatever the immediate future holds in store for Kirk, whether it be Newton or Rochester in the Fall and India in '25, we wish him God-speed, and know that wherever he goes he will be a credit to class '24 and to old B.C.

### SNAPSHOTS

Characteristic Remark— "By Jim! This is no time to be shaving, boys!"

Favorite Dirge:—"I'm o'er young to marry yet."

## Clarence E. Cole



*"His words like so many nimble and  
sure scorers trip about him at command."*

Every place has its day and when Clarence was born there, Humesville came into its own. His poetic ability first found expression in the well-known song "Goo-foo." Thereafter his career has been one of constant achievement. He spent his knickerbocker years at the home public school, where his synthetic unity of apperception found expression. After completing his grade eight he entered Brandon College Hall where he has always been a loyal and willing student.

Clarence has taken part in many of the various activities of college life. As president of the Debating Society in 1918 he proved to be a faithful and enthusiastic worker. His "Quill" work as Literary editor has been a credit to him while his essays which we have read from time to time show both ability and promise. There is one phrase, however, of his college life which we cannot overlook, one which shows that though he is a man of modesty and reserve, still he is a man of courage. What solitary man without a good supply of courage would dare to join a society comprised of twelve women? But we are told that he not only joined the Brandon College English Club and regularly attended its afternoon teas, but that he has been such an energetic worker as secretary that it was largely his efforts which made it possible for Miss Edna Sutherland to come to Brandon and give her much enjoyed recital.

It is to be noted that Clarence has not confined himself to Brandon College entirely, for he has proven himself to be a leader in other spheres of activity and is the efficient and honored superintendent of Knox Church Sunday School.

His broad outlook on life and his varied activities and experiences have given him an initial preparation for whatever may be his task in the world. A successful and worthy future is predicted for him by all his friends.

### SYNOPSIS

- Pastime — Condensing Latin authors in class
- Amusement — To equal Wordsworth
- Poetry — To write synopses

## David Robertson Doig



*"He ploughs deep while sluggards sleep."*



"Bob" hails from the land of schooners, fish, and high tides, but he has long been a resident of our land of Fords, wheat and low temperatures. St. Johns, New Brunswick was the place of his birth but Brandon has been the scene of his entire school life. Here, he received his early instruction in the public schools and collegiate and in the Fall of 1919 entered Grade XI at Brandon College to matriculate the following spring. Deciding to continue his education further he became one of the charter-members of Class '24 in the following autumn.

The characteristic which, more than any other, makes Bob stand out from his companions, is his industry. His chosen field of study is Political Economy and his ability in this line was demonstrated by his winning the scholarship for economics in the third year. It might be mentioned that Bob is somewhat interested in Home Economics as well. The fact that, throughout all his time at college, Bob has kept his connection with the business world, is additional evidence of his capacity for work. In emphasizing the industrious side of Bob's nature we must not overlook its individualistic character. He has thought out his own ideas about many things, and when the occasion presents itself for expressing them he is not at all reticent about doing so.

Bob's business efficiency has been recognized in his being chosen to serve as Secretary-Treasurer of the Class in second and fourth years and of Senior Arts in his third year. During collegiate days he was a very agile gymnast and a fast basketballer, but in later years he has devoted his brief periods of relaxation in play, to golf.

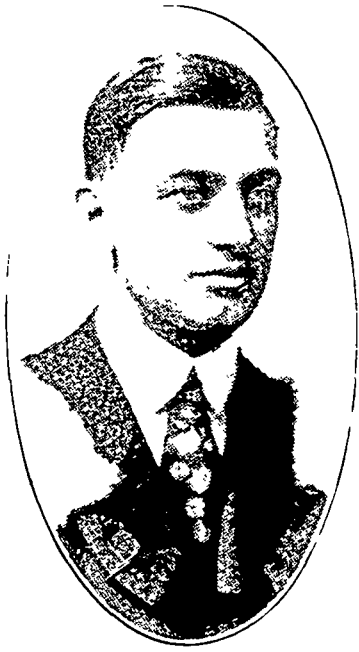
With his industry and efficiency, and his congenial and attractive personality, Bob should go far in his future work.

### SNAPSHOTS

Favorite Saying:— "I don't give a hoot!"

Pet Aversion:— Class parties.

## Leslie Gordon Dorrett



•

*"I hate to see a thing done by halves, if it be right, do it boldly, if it be wrong, leave it alone."*

•

This energetic young man made his first acquaintance with rattles, teething-rings and such like, which, as a student of political economy he would now term "commodities"—in Dartford England. Here he received his public school education; then seeking a home on this side of the Atlantic, chose Brandon. He secured his matriculation at the Brandon Collegiate and in the Fall of 1918 entered Brandon College with Class '22. The next year however he dropped out to take a normal course and made an enviable reputation for himself as teacher and community leader near Swan River.

Les, soon realized however, the advantages of a college education and returned to Brandon College in the Fall of 1921 to join class '24 in its sophomore year.

Examination results testify to Les's ability as a student although he has given much of his time to college activities. He has been a star member of the senior Basket-ball team during his entire course. For the year 1921-22 he captained the team, last year was manager and in the past year held both these offices as well as the presidency of the Athletic Association. The unprecedented success of the team in winning the city championship for 1924—competing for provincial honors—reflects, we feel, great credit on his superior leadership.

Les is a splendid fellow, dependable and firm in his convictions, doing with thoroughness whatever he undertakes and having the outstanding ability of being able to put things across. Teaching is his chosen field of service and success is certain to be his in large measure.

### SNAPSHOTS

Greatest Accomplishment - Coaching the girls basket-ball team.

Favourite Form of Literature - Essays.

## Lilian Evelyn Edmison



*Heigh-ho, there's only one life to live  
And only one death to die.*

In spite of Shakespeare's firm conviction that the stars bear no influence on an individual's success we would like to think that somehow they played a part in bringing good fortune to "Lil." For no matter what the circumstance—where others might fail—she always comes out on top.

Brandon being the birth-place of Lil, she attended public and high schools here and in the Fall of '19 came to College to take Academy III. Success marking this effort, she was inspired to higher things—and in the following year registered in Arts. Endowed with the gift of concentration, the happy faculty of grasping ideas quickly and the possession of a retentive memory, study for Lil is an easy matter, with the result that she finds much time for numerous other activities.

Dramatics has found a favorite place among her varied activities and it is with genuine delight that one learns that Lil is to be leading lady in such and such a play. Her characterization of Miss Phoebe in "Quality Street" is perhaps one that will linger longest in our minds.

Committees too, have received her attention. She has been a member of the Memorial Gym and Functions Committees, programme convenor of the English Club and convenor of the reception committee for the Arts Banquet of '23. Yet she finds time to dash off the odd article to the "Quill" in her spare moment while in athletics Lil also proves herself a winner.

But you ask does she ever have time to go to lectures? Oh yes!—tho' she may perhaps be late. However success has accompanied her here likewise, giving her the English Scholarship in her third year.

Next year Lil plans to attend "Margaret Eaton" in Toronto. Beyond this her future is in the hands of the fates.

### SNAPSHOTS

Habitual Expression (facial) Innocent smile as she comes late to class.

Pet Ambition To find an interlinear French book.

## Vera Madeline Fielding



•  
*"She'll be a credit to us."*  
 •

Were we asked to characterize Vera in one word the answer would probably be "efficiency," for she seems to possess the enviable ability to accomplish with remarkable thoroughness whatever she may undertake.

Durham, England was Vera's birthplace but very soon the British Isles became too limited a space for her activities, so at the mature age of nine she moved to Canada's larger fields bringing her family with her. Here she pursued her education in the public schools, graduating with high honors from the Brandon Collegiate. In the Fall of '21 Vera joined Class '24 in their sophomore year and from then on the members of that class have had a high standard of scholarship to live up to.

In spite of the fact that Vera has carried off the general proficiency scholarship in both 2nd and 3rd years, her activities are not entirely limited to the realm of studies. Class meetings were usually marked by her presence and in whatever the class undertook she was willing and eager to do everything possible to assist-- and once given to Vera we knew the task would be well done. Debating and tennis may also be numbered among Vera's particular interests.

One can scarcely give an adequate description of this young lady in the brief space of one page. Suffice it to say that those who know Vera appreciate very much her excellent qualities. May her success continue and expand as she goes out from the somewhat limited sphere of College to the vast and untried realm of Life.

### SNAPSHOTS

Ambition. --To rival Suzanne Lenglen in tennis.

Favorite Vehicle for Travel:-- Van.

Chief Abhorrence:-- The Theological Department.

## Alexander John Kennedy



*"The greater your real strength and power the quieter it will be exercised."*



Were it not for the fact that actions speak louder than words, the subject of this little sketch would scarcely be known to us. In fact modesty is one of A. J.'s outstanding characteristics, with the ability to achieve things holding a close second place.

Seattle, Wash. is famous, being A. J.'s birth-place. But early showing his capability in selecting the best, he came, at the age of three to Brandon. He journeyed leisurely through public and high school and entered Brandon College as a member of Class '22. Desiring to impart some of his acquired knowledge, he completed a course in Brandon Normal School and for nearly two years guided fair maidens and bright youths in their search for wisdom. But unable to resist the call of Alma Mater, he returned to Brandon and joined Class '24.

A. J. is worth knowing. He is reserved in manner, but that has not prevented his taking an active part in college life, and although his accomplishments were not always spectacular they were very essential. He was stage manager for the College play; his connections with the "Quill" began in his second year and culminated last year in his being its efficient business manager. This year he was deservedly honored in being elected class president. In everything A. J. is able, and his cheerful disposition and genuine desire to make his life count for good, enable us to prophesy success in whatever he undertakes.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Customary Greeting:—"Don't forget the class meeting at—"

Aversion:—Girls and Philosophy.

Failing:—Telling jokes in the library.



## John Morice Maxwell



◉

*"To live so that when at home his parents will respect him; so that when abroad the public will respect him and so that when alone he will respect himself."*

◉

"Morey" is a true product of Brandon. After receiving his public and high school training in this city he entered Brandon College in the Fall of 1920, and in a short while had won his way into the hearts of all his associates, particularly his classmates. He is a genial companion, a staunch and loyal friend and his hearty laugh and other fine qualities readily recommend him to all.

One of Morey's characteristics is that of being on hand to do the job that is in need of doing, a trait of which his fellow-students were quick to take advantage. In his sophomore year he held the position of Treasurer of the Student's Association and in his junior year was the popular and efficient president of Class '24. In addition to executive ability, Morey, in his senior year has shown considerable dramatic talent. His portrayal of the King of Hearts in the annual College play marked him as a coming actor. And surely in the dramatic endeavor of Class '24 he showed himself a second Rudolph Valentino. His witty reply, on behalf of Class '24 at the recent Arts Banquet gave further hint of talent.

One must know Morey to appreciate him. First last and always he is a gentleman, never afraid to stand for what he believes to be right. His ideals are high and he does his best to live up to them.

Up to the present "Purity Flour" has provided Morice with his daily bread. What is to take its place in the future we do not know. This however we may affirm, that the man himself is assurance of success.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Ambition - To keep a "Bunny."

Failing:- Giving good advice to undergraduates.

Abhorrence:- Anything unbecoming to a gentleman.

Regret - That he didn't study harder.

## Marjorie Bell McKenzie



*"With gentle yet prevailing force,  
Intent upon her destined course;  
Graceful and useful all she does,  
Blessing and blast wherever she goes."*



Brandon is singularly favored in being able to lay full claim to Marjorie, for having been born in this city she received her early education in Brandon Public schools and her High School course in Brandon Collegiate. Entering class '24 in the fall of 1920 she has ever since been

an active and popular member of that group.

She commenced her career of fame by winning the French prize in her first year and has sustained this high standard of scholarship throughout the three years which have followed. Marjorie has shown her executive ability in the various offices she has been called upon to fill including the office of class president in her second year; skilful administration on the banquet committee 1923; president of Senior Arts; secretary of the Memorial Gymnasium Committee; president of the English Club in 1924 and incomparable service for the past two years as assistant editor of *The Quill*.

Marjorie's oratorical ability has been evidenced many times in the toasts proposed by her at the Arts Banquets of 1922 and 1924 and in her successful participation in various debates. Those who saw her excellent interpretation of the role of Lady Mary in "The Admirable Crichton" will testify to her dramatic ability.

This gives us just a glimpse of Marjorie's versatility, and when we think of a girl characterised by a high grade of ability, sincerity and generosity and endowed with a pleasing disposition and a real sense of humour—qualities which would endear her to all who knew her—well that's just Marjorie.

We can say that whatever be her future occupation success, as in the past, will crown all Marjorie's efforts.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Hobbies:—Philosophy and political economy.

Favorite Exclamation:—"Oh, wouldn't that be lovely!"

Forté:—Dramatic readings.

## Herbert A. Robertson



*"One who never turned his back  
but marched breast forward."*



With a desire to drink to the very full of the cup of life, and a strong determination to fathom unknown fields of learning "Herb" left his Ontario home for the halls of Brandon College. He entered the academy in 1917 but before finishing his year went overseas. At the completion of the war, the thirst for knowledge led him to the "Khaki University" at Ripen,

Yorkshire. On returning to Canada he joined class '24 at Brandon, where he has been an industrious student.

He has proved the motto that success comes through effort, and has twice received the Eric Dennis Scholarship for all-around ability. Herb. has not only taken of the best but has given himself freely to college activities. He has added to the Christian life of the college by his thoughtful life, and by his deeds of service. In addition to serving on the Students' Ministerial Committee and the Y.M.C.A. Executive, he has spent three summers in a mission field in Alberta.

We know that in after life, Herb. will always bring credit and honor to his Alma Mater.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Sideline:—Piano lessons.

Pastime:—Smiling.

Ambition:—To take every note in class.

## Floyd Raymond Van Schaick



⊙  
*"Sloth makes all things difficult,  
 but industry all things easy."*

⊙  
 That "divine discontent" which is found in the breast of the man of true worth impelled Floyd in 1905 to leave the United States and seek his fortune in "Sunny Alberta."

During the great war while overseas he found difficulty in passing the time; and wishing to relieve the monotony of army life, he decided to take advantage of the educational opportunities offered by the "Khaki University." While mingling with men from various vocations, both students and instructors, the longing for an education grew upon him. Consequently, upon his return to Canada he naturally continued his pursuit of knowledge by finding his way to Brandon College in the Fall of 1919.

While at College "Van" has been interested in every phase of college life. As a student his activities have been marked by thorough and persistent effort. He has always displayed a willingness to help make every undertaking a success. His faithful work on various committees is worthy of comment. In athletics he has taken an active part, both on the campus and on the executive committee. In 1921 he was a member of the winning relay team. The red ribbon of the winner of the one-mile run has been awarded to Van on three consecutive Field Days.

Van's future sphere of activity is not definitely decided; but it may be safely predicted that he will win in the race of life, for he has manifested among us those sterling qualities which make for success.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Chief Delight:—Fielding.

Favorite Recreation:—Hiking (to 24th Street.)

Pet Aversion:—Greek.

## Alexander M. Derby M.A.



*"History is the depository of great nations; the witness of what is past; the example and instruction of the present, and monitor to the future."*



As an undergraduate Alex. made a creditable record both in student activities and in class work. He graduated with Class '23 and then undertook the task of shepherding the flock of the Presbyterian Church in Tantallon, Sask. However, as the winter months came on, life there

proved too peaceful for his pugnacious nature and the New Year found him back in Brandon College where he still takes his "daily dozen" with his sparring partner, "Deacon" Westcott.

Since returning "Derbs" has been able to refrain from wrestling long enough to pursue an M.A. course in History and to occupy the chair of the assistant librarian. His thesis on "Politics and Canadian Economic Development," judging from the enormous quantity of books on the librarian's desk, gives promise of being a splendid contribution to Canadian History.

Derbs has chosen the Ministry as his life work and already he has made a name for himself by the capable way in which he has handled difficult rural fields. His common sense, optimism and good humour, coupled with the ability to deal with men, have been recognized by the Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church, and they have appointed him missionary to the Construction Camps in Northern Ontario, for this summer. We congratulate them on their choice and wish Alex. every success in his new undertaking.

There is rumour of a Theological course in the Fall, but whatever his future, we confidently predict splendid achievement.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Sideline: Collecting library fines from Russel Baldwin and Lillian Edmison.

## Adelene Monica Bailey A.T.C.M.



*"I know of no aim more noble than that of giving music to one's native language and to one's native country."*



The subject of these lines became known to Quill readers as a member of Class '21. By her further attainments since graduation she has fulfilled the requirements for a higher diploma, and joins Class '24 as a Post Graduate in Piano.

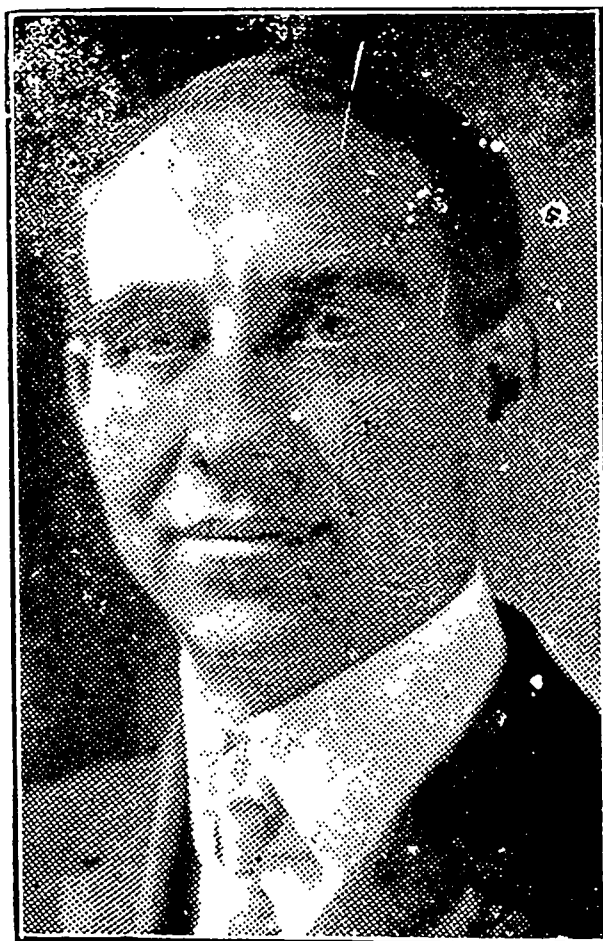
Miss Bailey is truly a Brandon product—having received her academic training in the city collegiate before entering Brandon College to specialize in Music. She has proven herself an ambitious and untiring student, possessed of an energy and enthusiasm which are an inspiration to her associates. Her popularity and success, in teaching, as in public performance, are eloquent testimonials to her talent and her art, as she now goes out from her Alma Mater her career—predicted to be crowned with brilliant achievement—will be followed with keen interest and the best wishes of her many friends.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Favorite pose (off dignity)—"Gawk."

Culinary Master-piece:—Chop Suey.

Conception of an ideal summer vacation:—Pack and Roadster, enroute Detroit-Toronto.



### **REV. H. H. BINGHAM B.A., D.D.**

No man working in the Baptist denomination in the prairie provinces is more worthy of receiving the Doctor's Degree, honoris causa than Dr. Bingham. He is an Eastern man, a graduate of McMaster University and after being in pastoral and evangelistic work in the East and in the United States for some years came to the First Baptist Church Calgary. Dr. Bingham comes of a devoted Baptist family which has contributed several sons to the Baptist Ministry among whom he is perhaps outstanding. Dr. Bingham's ministry is quiet and strong but emphatically evangelistic. His church in Calgary is continually packed to the doors and is receiving constant accessions.

We have had the pleasure both of having Dr. Bingham preach the Baccalaureate sermon and also of having him conduct our special evangelistic services during the week of prayer a few years ago. He is a great friend and supporter of the College, a trusted adviser and leader among the Baptists of Alberta and the West. We heartily congratulate Dr. Bingham upon the honor which has been conferred on him.



### **REV. A. S. LEWIS M.A., B.D., D.D.**

The honor of Doctor of Divinity was fittingly bestowed by McMaster University upon Rev. A. S. Lewis B.A., B.D. Dr. Lewis is a graduate of our oldest denominational institution, Acadia University, belonging to the Graduating Class in Arts of 1907.

He held his first pastorate in Aylesbury N.S. and this and other pastorates in the East were so successful that he received and accepted a call to the First Baptist Church, Regina. At this particular time the cause in Regina was not in a satisfactory condition but in a few years under Mr. Lewis' wise direction there was a marked improvement. Unfortunately the climate was too severe for Mrs. Lewis and when the call came to the combined Kitselano and Central Churches of Vancouver, Mr. Lewis accepted. Dr. Lewis has been in Vancouver only a few years but under his strong oversight the work is progressing splendidly.

Dr. Lewis is not at all spectacular or sensational in his preaching and methods of working. His messages, as those of us who heard him preach the Baccalaureate Sermon a few years ago can well believe, are strong, progressive, evangelical and emphatically sane and instructive. Dr. Lewis is one of the outstanding men of the denomination who has been worthily honored by McMaster. The Quill congratulates Dr. Lewis.



# The Spotlight

PADEREWSKI

IT is a solemn duty to protect the reputation of a great man. Paderewski cancelled several concerts and fees of many thousands of dollars and hurried to Chicago, where a brigade of doctors received him and his dog that was sick with pneumonia. For days the greatest pianist of modern times watched the friend of man, and at last tore himself away, believing that the worst was past, and that four vets could save the life of one pet. The dog is a Pekingese or a King Charles spaniel. Whichever it is, it is the same which Madame Paderewski carried in her arms when she landed with her husband for this latest tour. It is one of those silly-looking little creatures which only Providence in an absent-minded fit could have made the congenital of a mastiff.

People talk as if there must be something wrong about a man who would stop his enormous earning power and telegraph for four doctors

to attend a quadruped that couldn't frighten a squab, and shouldn't interest a grown-up man. They say the episode looks like the Paderewski hair, which used to cause erotic enraptured women to speak of him as the living chrysanthemum. These contemners of an artist's wonderful affection for one of the least of God's creatures may think they know little dogs, but they don't know Paderewski the artist, or Paderewski the man.

In this spot the artist isn't as fascinating as the man. Most of us have not the exquisite ears for music that can make a genius of the pen write coruscating columns about how a man fingered a few octaves of white levers coupled to a set of wires, or how a young chap draws a combed skein of horsehair across several distended catguts. We like the sobbing saxophone to tintillate our rather bunched artistic fibres. We hardly dared avow this shocking hunger til yesterday when Otto Kahn, backer, to the millionth dollar, of the Metropolitan Opera, New York, poured out his soul in glad confession that his senior heir has become leader of a cabaret orchestra and is devoting all his intellect to jazz, which his delighted father regards as the perfect vociferation of the American soul. We can't appreciate Paderewski's exquisite tries for all pianos and pianists sound pretty much alike to us, with special gratitude silently offered to those performers who are almost as scarce as hen's teeth and half as plentiful as angel's visits—the accompanists who don't pound the keys so hard as to drown the voice of a perfect, honest and intelligible singer.

PADEREWSKI is marvellous in any company. It was supposed that a great joke had been perpetrated by the war of Versailles that was called a peace, when he became premier of Poland. He kept the job ten months, and had a heck of a time. Llewellyn George told him that

there must be no bloodshed; and a soldier named Pilsudski was all the time trying to imbue the pianist in the gory suds of strife. Paderewski is the most famous Pole of this century: and an artist literally to the fingertips. His services to the allies and Poland were super-eminent. There was a great chance that all the Poles would enlist under the German banner—a million or four per cent. of them. Paderewski prevented that, for he saw that in allied victory lay Poland's only chance of recovering the national identity that had been eternally suppressed by Russia, Germany and Austria. Though a Pole wasn't allowed to own land in German Poland, on the whole, German treatment of his nationals was not as bad as the Czardom's. But if Germany won everybody would be under her merciless heel. If the allies won—this was when Russia was in the entent—Russia would be subject to the kinder influences of Britain and France.

Paderewski had foreseen the war and its devastating extent. He became the international beggar for his people. He spent practically all his great fortune in succoring his cruelly despoiled compatriots, for whom he suffered more acutely even than he suffered for his dog.

His musical genius has largely been a matter of taking infinite pains. He selected teaching as his career. He was a professor at Strasburg when a friend advised him to play for immortality. His fingers were not the best for keyboard witchery. His third and fourth fingers are nearly of a length—sure sign, the palmists say, of political aptitude. Before his first post-war tour he practised for months, eight hours a day, and so confounded the prophets who said a man of over sixty, and six years away from concerts, could never come back. But he did come back, and earned half a million gross by seventy concerts. He appreciates his earning power highly; but he's not greedy, as Patti was. Poland's war distress was somewhat alleviated under the hand of Herbert Hoover.

MANY years ago a couple of students, of Leland Stanford University, California, arranged a Paderewski concert, in Holy Week, and guaranteed a \$2,000 fee for the performer. The gross receipts were \$1,600. They gave that sum to Pad's secretary, promising to pay the rest as soon as they could raise it. The secretary came back to say that would not suit Monsieur at all. The young gentlemen would have to pay all their other obligations out of the \$1,600, take twenty per cent. of the gross for themselves, and give monsieur the rest. One of the students was Hoover.



## COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Commencement Exercises always create a spirit of happiness. Happiness comes to the graduating student from the consciousness of the attainment of something that was taken as an objective when as yet it seemed very distant, indefinite, marked by a certain value and glory, but acquired only at the cost of effort and determination. The joy that comes to friends of those graduating is none the less real. It is a sympathetic joy, a joy in another's achievement.

Convocation, on the evening of Monday, May 19th 1924, in St. Paul's Presbyterian Church was a particularly joyous occasion because of the fact that all of the students expecting to be graduated were successful.

It was Dr. H. L. MacNeill's happy privilege to present the twelve candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Following the conferring of these degrees by Chancellor H. P. Whidden, Prof. T. M. Dadson presented Mr. A. M. Derby for the degree of M.A. which was conferred in absentia.

Rev. D. R. Sharpe and Rev. H. R. Nobles presented Rev. H. H. Bingham of Calgary and Rev. A. S. Lewis of Vancouver, respectively, for the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, each speaker indicating briefly the remarkable careers of these men as efficient preachers of the gospel of Christ.

Replying, Dr. Bingham said that he esteemed highly the honor done him by his Alma Mater from which he had received the degree B.A. just twenty years ago. He owed his advancement in ministerial life, he said, to his Alma Mater, to his parents, to a devoted help-mate and to the loyalty and devotion of the churches that he had served. In his closing remarks, Dr. Bingham indicated his firm belief in Christian education, and assured his hearers that he would ever try to advance the largest interests of both McMaster and Brandon.

Dr. Lewis, in reply, said that he found it difficult to realize his own identity after hearing the eulogizing remarks spoken by Mr. Nobles, and found himself greatly humbled by the high honor. He expressed the feeling that the work of the Christian minister, if difficult at all times was even more so to-day. He had to deal with forces which were almost entirely out of sight and yet which so completely motivated life. If, amid the difficulty of this task he himself had so labored that an institution like McMaster could recognize something in his work to merit such distinction, he was heartened to return to his perilous task, and yet, he said he returned humbled and

confronted by the responsibility of making his life count in a still more significant manner.

Prof. W. L. Wright now presented Miss Adeline Bailey A.T.C.M. for the post-graduate diploma in music. The awarding of two medals then followed, one was presented to Miss Lilian Edmison for proficiency in English, while the other in political economy went to Mr. D. R. Doig.

In his parting message to the graduating class, Dr. Sweet pointed out that his relation to the class of 1924 must always be a little different from that to all others, in that it was the first to graduate during his tenure as president.

"We have accomplished a task set before us," he said. "We have moved together, until now we stand where our street leads to several streets. We have grown into a fellowship that will be sweeter with each year. We have gradually accepted as ours, ideals that will not dim. We have been acquiring a spirit of altruistic devotion that will color life and bless all we touch.

"At this street corner then, what word should be said? There is one that rings in my mind and in my heart. It is the word of Thomas Carlyle. 'Wilt thou be a hero, or wilt thou be a coward?'

"Whichever of the streets you turn to go down more will depend upon your answer to that question than upon your answer to any other question. If you start down your street determined to face life squarely, life will be good. If you are not so determined you will find life a hard thing."

After this simple, brief, but direct and sincere message to the graduating class Dr. Sweet introduced Chancellor H. P. Whidden, the speaker of the occasion, very warmly expressing his high regard, one which had grown through the years.

Before commencing upon his educational address, Dr. Whidden expressed his delight in being able to again have a part in the Commencement Exercises of Brandon College—though it was not an easy matter to barter away the privilege of giving the farewell address to Class '24, but to no man living was it an easier relinquishment of privilege than to Dr. Sweet.

Taking for his subject some of the problems confronting modern educationalists, Dr. Whidden went on to say:—

Dare any of us attempt to define education? I rather think we do not so much need a new definition added to the many already in print, as we need better to understand the heart-meaning of education and then to learn how to create such process as will make real education more easily possible, so that those who become part of the process shall readily go out and show by word and by life that they really are educated people.



CHANCELLOR H. P. WHIDDEN

We have heard so often people speak of getting an education—of taking an education. Perhaps we may expose ourselves for a period of years and take what is called a College Course, but I really don't see how it is possible for us to think of education in so incomplete and imperfect a way. We can't take it; no one can really give it. The mere attendance at classes, the enrolling in College or University and going through with a routine programme—this is not taking an education, nor is the passing of examinations, the final receiving at the end of the fourth year period the symbol of the first completed stage as we are admitted Bachelors of the Arts. No! this is not education in any full and true sense. Education is much wider than that, it is much more universal than that, it is much more pervasive than that.

The fact of it is, that whether we go to college or not, we are being educated in some ways. Life's experiences have such wonderful educational value—the impact of personality on personality, the coming of the new idea through the magazine article, the arresting statement of the passing lecturer or preacher, the constant influence of this or that custom, in the home, in the community group. But why do I try to detail even some of the ways in which we are all being educated. However, the old idea still, in some respects, continues to prevail and we must needs think of education in a more or less formal and institutionalized way.

I think we need to keep very clearly in mind that if the small universities, especially the college which is doing arts and science work, would really perform the truest service there must be an emphasis upon that kind of relating to the young men and the young

women of the material universe in which they live, so that the effect in the life will not be a material conception of the universe, but rather a highly ethical and spiritual conception. Now that means a lot more than some of us who have not had the time or opportunity to think along those lines, may imagine.

L. P. Jacques of Oxford, well-known editor of the Hibbert Journal, has called attention in one of the lectures recently published in book-form, to the important difference of a conception held by many people which is this, that their universe is a dead universe and the conception of other people, which amounts to this, that their universe is a live universe.

Brandon College, McMaster University and other universities and colleges must more than ever see to it that young men and women are not, as too often in the past they were, allowed to go out into life having materialistic ideas of the materialistic universe in which they live. It is false, it mars life, it makes it purely malapropos. When I say that, I am not unmindful of the four modern sciences which have brought a new universe within our ken; I am not unmindful of the application of these sciences, so that we have the new type of by-product. All this is necessary. While thoroughly sympathetic with all the efforts which are being made in connection with real researching by the greater research laboratories, so far as our type of college is concerned our main business is not along that line at all but it is rather to introduce the young man or the young woman, through theology, through physics, to the great big world so that they will come out with larger conceptions of the life that throos through all things.

What man needs more than anything else is spiritual knowledge. We are getting knowledge fast—far too fast—but most of it is of material things. The material side of man has been developed for two generations, while the spiritual side has been starved. What is needed is development of the spiritual side of man.

We remember, most of us I think, very clearly when the word came that the "Lusitania" had been sunk. I am informed credibly that it took 300 men 3 years at a cost of \$8,000,000.00 to build that magnificent ship 800 ft. long, and it took less than 8 minutes to sink that ship by means of a torpedo which had taken 16 men only four months, at a cost of \$4,000.00, to build. In other words, scientific knowledge if wrongly applied may destroy our whole civilization, and if wrongly taught and wrongly conceived, it will be wrongly applied in the great, highly organized and complex international life that we are living, in these modern times.

If we would solve some of the educational problems of our time we must see to it, that in connection with many of our colleges and universities at least, an increasingly great emphasis is placed upon that kind of understanding of the past which will make it easily possible for us to make history worth while in the present and in the coming days.

It was my privilege within the last three weeks to go over the campus and most of the buildings of that university founded in a little city down by the Atlantic ocean, by a man who was the first to establish a little democracy. It was down in the Brown University—I was being taken by the President into the library building where a great many manuscripts and maps were stored, and over the door was written, "The past is the greatest teacher for today and tomorrow". I am a great believer in young men and women coming

to understand their present situation by a pretty thoroughgoing study of the sources of things, in a thoroughgoing outline way through history, but the Good Lord deliver us in these practical needy days, from historians who are merely historians. The past is the greatest teacher for today and tomorrow if we are willing to learn rightly and well, if we are able to find in the past the evidence of that progress which I think we can all find if we look aright. The past may make calamity-howlers of us if we wrongly view it, so that we will not be able to go out into life and make good. But depend upon it, the Canadian of tomorrow will be more truly a Canadian, of the sort that the Canada of tomorrow will need very very much, if he learns here and now, in the college, or somewhere, to know something of the sources from which he has come.

I sometimes think that we who are native born Canadians have been particularly susceptible to a short view of what Canada is, and what it is to be a Canadian. I sometimes think as I visit my cousins across the line that many of them fail to appreciate whence they came. All we who are Americans and all we Canadians and the people of Canada did not make the New England, it was the people who did not venture forth, as well as the people who did, who have served the British Empire and to whom Canada in many ways is feeling indebted.

But I must hasten to the conclusion of my message. If we are to aid, and aid in an increasingly effective way, in solving some of the problems of education so as to be most helpful to the young life of our time, we must see to it that very definitely and very positively, we who teach, we who are parents and are responsible for committing young lives to the care of teachers, appreciate the material, the human material, which we are to handle.

"The day is long gone when the real  
teacher teaches the subject."

We don't teach philosophy—we teach the young people to understand and work through philosophic principles for themselves. We don't teach arithmetic or we would be almost sure to get into trouble. We will be teaching other peoples children arithmetic in such a way that they will be cheated easily and we will be teaching our own children so that they will never be cheated easily but will be able to cheat the other fellows. Teach boys and girls to be able to grasp those principles which go to make up what we call arithmetic and in the teaching of these young lives, keep over in mind the fact that they are what they are, that they have the origin they have, that their whence is a wonderful "whence."

It has been my privilege to be in contact with different institutions of learning in this country and in the United States, but I want to say from the depths of my heart that I am satisfied you will never touch the life of another institution, where in any larger measure, your professors or instructors will endeavor to recognize your real selves more than have your professors and instructors in the College which is proud to send you forth into the world with the seal and stamp of its approval, not only on your diplomas but we trust on your characters and lives.

Yes! as many of us whose duty it has been to speak publicly along educational lines here and yonder, have said before, it is certainly necessary that we shall recognize in the student the fact that he is a spiritual being and that he should live for spiritual ends. Now I think my friends know that my conception of spirituality does not lead to any narrow end at all, but rather that we shall hold more

steadily and clearly its significance as we think of its application to young life in these present moments. It is not enough to say, as has been said by many, that man is not a body with a soul but a soul with a body. Yet how long it takes the majority of every generation to realize that.

So once more we summon ourselves, as friends of an institution and of those graduating from an institution to-night, to the task of this thoroughly scientific and modern programme and may we indeed go out from this Convocation occasion, with the clear conviction that education conducted on the higher lines is the only higher education; that it is possible far and wide, as well as here in our midst, so to attain. And having these things in mind we shall go on day by day and week by week doing naturally our regular work in a regular way but with this high and lofty purpose, this deep-seated and Heaven-sent motive, so that in the educational process in which we are interested there shall be a blending of these and other important and enduring elements, the presence of which shall insure the training and developing of the powers of mind and heart of those entrusted to our care.

We are carrying on the work of this institution in a great time. We are standing on the threshold of still greater times. God give us the strength, the vision, to support the young life, and the necessary adjuncts that will make it possible that those on whose shoulders rests the load, and in whose heart is strong the sense of a responsibility, may realize these great ideals that we have so definitely and sympathetically in mind tonight.

## CLASS POEM

Hark my comrades! Life is calling,  
 Hear ye not her ringing cry  
 Down the world's broad highway swelling  
 Where our brother men go by?

From the prairie, from the mountain,  
 From the thronging city street,  
 From the marts of many nations  
 Where the tides of commerce meet:

From the hut and from the palace,  
 From the factory's roaring din:  
 Where the souls of men are dying  
 In the shameful haunts of sin:

From the nations yet in darkness,  
 From the islands of the sea,  
 Comes a cry forever ringing,  
 Comes a cry to you and me.

Men are needed, men of courage,  
 Men of might, to do and dare,  
 Men of honor, men of purpose,  
 Truthful men are needed there.

Men who scorn all selfish service,  
 Hold that life is more than gold,  
 More than all the wealth and glory  
 All the ages can unfold:

More than meat, and more than raiment,  
 More than joy and more than pain,  
 Hold we lose it in the keeping,  
 In the giving we shall gain:

See our life's diviner meaning,  
 All the wonder of the soul,  
 Here, the circle's broken arches  
 There, the beauty of the whole.

Men are needed. Do ye hear it?  
 See! A door swings open wide,  
 Open to the world's great highway  
 With its rushing human tide.



Men are needed. Oh, we hear it!  
Life, we answer thy great cry  
Down the world's broad highway moving,  
Where our brother men go by.

We will pledge our lives to duty:  
All our strength and all our youth  
Consecrate to highest service,  
Life to live in very truth.

Let the cry then, still be onward,  
Onward ever to the goal,  
In the ranks of grand endeavor  
Sweeping on from pole to pole.

Never let the footstep falter,  
Let the courage never wane,  
Marching with a steady purpose,  
Step by step the conquest gain.

Marching shoulder set to shoulder,  
Brother man with brother man,  
Moving on to great achievement,  
Working out one perfect plan:

Till the lamps of Truth be lighted  
On the ramparts of the world,  
And the night of doubt and ignorance  
From the nations shall be hurled:

Till they know the truth and knowing,  
In the truth they shall be free:  
Till our life's diviner meaning  
All the weary nations see:

Till the "one increasing purpose"  
Growing yet from more to more  
Binds the ends of earth together,  
One in aim forever more.



## DEDICATION SERVICE

Although the morning of Sunday May 18th was a chilly one, this in no wise interfered with the feeling of cheerful thoughtfulness and devotion which permeated Class '24, as its members gathered on the College lawn for their dedication service.

H. A. Robertson, who was in charge of the first part of the service, opened with the reading of the inspiring exhortation contained in Prov. 3:5, 6—"Trust in Jehovah with all thy heart, and lean not upon thine own understanding: In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths." Then followed the congregational singing of "Come Thou Almighty King," after which the class flag, which was of green, bearing the class motto, "Vitam Vivere Vero" in white, was raised by Miss Edythe Ball and L. G. Dorrett.

After the scripture reading, Ps. 46, by Miss Marjorie McKenzie and prayer by Mr. Robertson, E. J. Church delivered the dedication address. Mr. Church recalled to his hearers that other morning in the long ago, which found the children of Israel encamped beside the Jordan awaiting the command of their leader to cross the river and possess the promised land beyond. As a parallel to this situation, Mr. Church pointed

out that Class '24 stood in a similar position. There is a land for them to conquer: and this is the land of Truth. He thus urged the class to go forth bravely, dedicating themselves to this quest, to fulfil the ideal that they had chosen as their motto—"Vitam Vivere Vero—To live a life in truth."

The Class then rendered the dedication hymn, "Lead on, O King Eternal," and the service concluded with the benediction pronounced by Prof. T. M. Dadson, honorary president of the class.

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## CLASS DAY

In spite of the fact that the weather man, evidently forgetting that Saturday, May 17th was scheduled as Class Day, brought rain, a very appreciative audience gathered in the College chapel to be present at one of the important features of the closing exercises. About three o'clock, the graduating class, attired in cap and gown filed down the chapel aisle to present what would perhaps be their last programme in College Halls.

Prof. Dadson, Honorary President of the class, in a characteristic manner carried out the duties of chairman. In commencing the programme he left a very impressive message with the students who were about to go out from their Alma Mater and venture into a new and untried life. He warned them that the world would not stand aghast because Class '24 had graduated. It was up to each one to face life individually as was the duty of all—yet, to those who are better equipped, to those who have a greater inheritance—as the college student—falls a greater responsibility to serve humanity. And success, the chairman went on to say, comes in the daily task.

At the close of Prof. Dadson's words of kindly wisdom, the class poem was read by Mr. Clarence Cole who in his verse had caught a lofty note and uttered a ringing challenge to his classmates "life to live in very truth." "Farewell" was then sweetly sung by Miss Lilian Edmison.

Mr. Morice Maxwell in his class history gave to the audience a new appreciation of Class '24 as he pictured them a band of pirates "sailing the Sea of College Days." Even the members of this daring crew themselves found some difficulty in recognizing their own identity.

Originality marked the class prophecy which was interestingly related by Miss Lilian Edmison. Before the audience

there appeared a representation of the old class placque as it was imagined to look when gazed upon in after years by two members of this group. This clever device of presenting the characters of the story greatly enhanced its enjoyment.

In the farewell to Alma Mater, the sentiments of gratitude, regret and hope which were shared by the entire class were feelingly voiced by Mr. Ernest Church. The fervent desire that the lives of the members of Class '24 might attest a life of service to society and aid in a small way in ushering in a greater day was expressed in the closing words of the valedictory.

After the singing of the Class Song, the final number of the programme, a sort of sadness crept into the hearts of the '24 "crew" as they felt that another event, long looked forward to, had also passed.

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## THE ALUMNI LUNCHEON

The Thirteenth Annual Luncheon of the Brandon College-McMaster University Alumni Association held Monday, May 19th, was one of the important events of Convocation week.

The guests met in the reception room of Clark Hall at one o'clock, where friendships were renewed among "old" graduates and formed with the introduction of the new members, Class '24.

Luncheon was served in the dining-room at prettily decorated tables after which an interesting programme of toasts and music followed. Rev. C. G. Stone '21 as chairman, proposed the toast to "King and Country" which was responded to in the singing of the National Anthem. The Roll Call was dispensed with but greetings from graduates and friends unable to be present, were read by Miss J. M. Turnbull '15.

In both the toast to "Our Alma Mater" proposed by Mrs. Brotherhood '10 and the reply of Dr. Sweet, particular emphasis was laid on the necessity of a college receiving the loyal support of its graduates. The President was followed by Miss E. M. Moore, Mus. '13, who delighted those present with a vocal solo, "The Year's at the Spring." The toast to "Our Guests" was then proposed by J. G. Grant M.D. '19 who welcomed on behalf of the association Dr. Whidden, Rev. H. R. Nobles, Regina and Rev. A. S. Lewis of Vancouver. Replying, Mr. Nobles stated his growing belief in the development of Brandon College. Mr. Lewis stressed the importance of the Alumni in

social, educational and intellectual life. In his reply, Dr. Whidden indulged in relating many amusing incidents from his store of reminiscences. He also laid emphasis on the fact that unfailing support and loyalty on the part of the graduates is necessary in promoting the growth of their Alma Mater.

The chairman now took the opportunity of welcoming the new recruits, Class '24 while Miss M. Hales '22 proposed the toast to the graduating class. Mr. A. J. Kennedy '24 responded and assured the association of the support of its new members.

At the close of the programme a business meeting was held when the following officers were elected for the year.

#### HONORARY PRESIDENTS:

Dr. A. P. McDiarmid; Dr. H. P. Whidden; Dr. F. W. Sweet.

#### PRESIDENT:

Rev. C. G. Stone '21.

#### VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Dr. J. R. Evans '13; Mrs. R. C. Cromarty '16; Miss M. McKenzie '24.

#### SECRETARY-TREASURER:

Miss J. M. Turnbull '15.

#### REPRESENTATIVES TO SENATE:

(Retiring in 1926.)

Mr. E. Frith '08; Miss V. Leach '12; Mr. N. R. McDonald '21.

## TO CLASS '24

TOAST PROPOSED AT ARTS BANQUET

MARCH 11th, 1924.

Many years ago in southern Italy there lived, in his lonely hut, an old Hermit called Saint Francis. His life was led in seclusion, penance and prayer. Although he did not have the conception of life that we have to-day, he had a loving, sympathetic nature and was deeply grieved by the condition of mankind. The sin and suffering of his fellow-creatures was a matter of constant sorrow to him.

One night as the Old Man lay sleeping on his hard bed, a vision came to him. He saw before him, a royal court with brave courtiers and beautiful women moving to and fro. Suddenly, the commotion and stir ceased. The king was entering. After a moment's hushed silence the king addressed his courtiers.

"My worthy knights," he said, "though here we dwell in happiness and ease, outside the court there are many enemies to our kingdom, fighting against, and killing my people. Hunger and disease are eating the finer instincts of my men and women everywhere; selfishness and greed are crushing and binding the lives of little children; and worst of all, that cruel tyrant, Ignorance, is driving men through this life with heads bent and eyes veiled, so that they never see the beauties which surround them.

"Now my brave knights although our life has been so pleasant in the court, let us not remain here until satiety makes us forget the days we have enjoyed. But rather let my men organize a crusade against these enemies and carry to my people the spirit which has made us happy. Let this band be made up of only those who are willing and ready to face hardship, and often times defeat. You must be brave, but most of all, you must be sympathetic."

When the king ceased speaking, from the crowd of courtiers stepped twelve young knights, strong, stalwart and eager.

"We are ready to go," they cried. "We will be glad to represent you out in your kingdom."

The king smiled, for he was glad to see how readily they responded. "I am proud to think that you are knights of my court," he said. "Have twelve steeds brought that the journey may begin at once."

As he was speaking six maidens from among the fair ladies of the court came forward. And one, the lady Marjorie, tall, stately and dignified said to the king, "Oh king, if you will allow us to go on this crusade, we would be glad to accompany our brothers. They can fight, but out in the world surely there is much that we also could do. Could we not cheer the disheartened women, care for the little children, and bring song and joy to tired people everywhere?"

The king was amazed; but the others pleaded and at last he gave his consent, sighing as he thought of these refined, lovely women coming in contact with many of the cruel realities of the kingdom.

Then eighteen handsome, well-groomed horses were brought to the Great Gate outside, and there awaited impatiently the commencement of the journey.

Before setting out it was necessary that they elect a leader for their band and by common consent Sir Kennedy was chosen. Then, amid laughter, cheering and good wishes, the party started out. The Old Man smiled in his dream as he saw them, youthful, happy and hopeful, riding out into the world, to uplift and gladden it.

When the band crossed the bridge over the moat which surrounded the castle, the captain stopped.

"Brothers," he said, "and you too, my sisters, we have for many years studied and lived our lives together; now we must separate, we must each fight our own battles. We may often meet to comfort and cheer one another but unless we each take our own path we will not be able to do the best work for our king."

The Old Man watched them as they separated, some going into the country and some into the crowded city.

It was to the city that the young knight Sir Robertson went—into the market-place where greed and avarice controlled the ways of men; and here he taught, to wondering ears, the doctrine of fair play, brotherhood and respect to all mankind.

In the same city there were many people tired and disappointed, and weary of life. To these folk came the two knights, Sir Herbert and Sir Ernest, who taught them the joy of living and who gave to them a true comfort for their sorrows.

The Hermit turned in his sleep and heard sweet music. Looking in the direction of the sound, he saw the two followers of Saint Cecilia, Lady Mary and Lady Adelene, telling their messages in sweeter tones than all our formal words.

Again the vision changed. Saint Francis saw the suffering and disease which caused such great sorrow and misery. He saw a hot, sick child lying on his hard bed, tossing from side to side in pain. Then into the room came the knight Sir Russel. With skilful hand and sympathetic touch he cared for the sick child, alleviating the pain, and with a cheerful word he brought a smile to the wan face.

Now a wandering minstrel, who was none other than Sir Clarence, stopped by the roadside to sing his verses to a bent old woman. When she had heard him she saw the world about her with new eyes: she looked up at the blue sky and smiled. A young man, passing, stopped to listen and for the moment forgot about himself and pondered on the works of his Creator. And the world was better for that song.

At the head of an army of brave soldiers, Saint Francis saw the knight Sir Petre, a valiant captain who led his men in the war against wrong.

Surrounded by a group of bright children the Lady Edythe stood, day by day teaching them the elementary lessons of their lives, lessons of courtesy and grace as well as those in their copy-books.

Now, the dreamer was in a quiet country parish. Here he beheld Sir Floyd, guiding, helping and comforting his trusting humble flock, while at his side, helping him with gentle persuasion, was the Lady Vera.

Swiftly the Old Man was carried back into the city. He saw before him a beautiful hospital where the poor and rich alike were cared for and where only those who could afford to, paid for the care they were given. As the Hermit watched, the one who had established this benevolent institution came out. As he drew near, the Old Man recognized the knight, Sir Elmer.

In a lady's bower, surrounded by richly clad, refined women, the Lady Marjorie was seen discussing with them the social conditions of their city and encouraging them to make the most of their opportunities as women of wealth and influence.

Out into an uncultured country where the lives of the peasants were drab and colorless the Old Man saw two knights ride. They were, the captain, Sir Kennedy, and Sir Leslie. Soon they were teaching the children the elementary lessons



of the school, teaching the parents a higher standard of living and making better citizens and more loyal subjects for the king.

Now in an august body of church fathers one of the knights, Sir Alex was seen to rise and give a stirring address, the influence of which was felt throughout all the parishes of the kingdom.

The Old Man turned his eyes toward the last of the twelve knights, Sir Morice. In a large hall he had gathered around him a group of the young men of the city, and like that first great disciple of Truth, asked them questions which roused them to a realization of their lack of knowledge and gave them a thirst for it.

Saint Francis was drawn from this group by a sweet voice and soon found himself in a crowded theatre. On the stage before him, he saw the Lady Lillian, bringing joy and entertainment to the eager listeners. The charm of her voice, the simplicity of her manner held everyone entranced. Forgotten were the worries and cares of their everyday life. They were living for the time-being in the life of the little Lady of the Stage. They would return home refreshed, as if they had been away on a holiday.

Even while Saint Francis watched, he suddenly awoke and realized that it was all a dream. At first he was disappointed. But the thought came to him that this was a vision and that some day it would be a reality. Then he prayed that his Father would send these disciples of the Man of Galilee into the world of sorrow to bring their much-needed message of comfort; and having prayed he slept again, content that some day his prayer would be answered.

M. C. G. '25.

## POST-GRADUATE PIANOFORTE RECITAL

The post-graduate recital of Miss Adeline Bailey, given in the Collegiate Auditorium, Friday May 16th, proved to be one of the most delightful musical events of the year. Miss Bailey is already well, and popularly known to Brandon audiences and her success on this occasion added still more to her popularity.

Miss Bailey has a charming personality and an easy grace and simplicity of manner which at once captivate her audience. The opening number of her programme, Saint-Saëns, "Concerto in G Minor," demanded resourcefulness in technique and in interpretive ability, both of which the artist displayed to splendid advantage. Her playing here—indeed throughout the entire recital—showed unusual warmth of feeling, splendid technique and sympathetic interpretation. The orchestral accompaniment, on the second piano by Prof. W. L. Wright blended perfectly, producing a colorful ensemble which left little to be desired.

The Chopin "Sonata in B flat" was a popular number, with its well-known Funeral March, a movement which Miss Bailey endued with new beauty by her dignified interpretation. Other popular numbers were, Schumann's "Prophet Bird," an exquisite little gem, in which its lyric loveliness was most entrancing as was also the wooing tenderness and poignant beauty of the Mendelssohn-Liszt, "On Wings of Song." Both were played with appealing touch and rythmical feeling. In contrast to these were, the spirited interpretation of the Rachmaninoff "G Minor Prelude," the splendid sweep of which was well caught and played with great fire and passion,—and the brilliant and popular "Concert Etude" of MacDowell's. The concluding number, Liszt's "Venezia e Napoli Tarantella," was played with distinction and brilliant technique.

Miss Bailey was assisted by Miss Esther Moore, mezzo-soprano, who is becoming a very popular vocalist. She was much enjoyed in two groups of songs, the first in Italian from Operas of Handel and Rossini; the second, a group in English which was concluded with a delightful setting of Browning's "The Year's at the Spring."

Prof. Wright's accompaniment's added charm to the songs as he subjected the accompaniment and shaded it to suit the mood of each.

Miss Bailey was the recipient of many beautiful flowers. The enthusiastic applause accorded the artist of the evening certainly insures her a place of honor in Brandon's musical circle.

## THE ARTS BANQUET

A glimpse into the dining-room of the Prince Edward Hotel on the evening of March 11th revealed a very attractive scene, with a color scheme of green and silver artistically worked out in the table decorations, soft lighting, and an animated gathering of students, professors and College friends. It was the occasion of the annual banquet given by the undergraduates in honor of the graduating classes in Arts and Music. After a delicious repast the following very interesting programme of toasts and music was enjoyed:—

King and Country.

The Chairman—Dr. Sweet ..... God Save the King  
Our Heroic Dead.  
Graduating Class.

Miss Maria Grant '25 ..... J. M. Maxwell '24  
Vocal Duet.

Miss Muriel Shewan and C. G. Stone '21.

Our New President.

Miss Marjorie McKenzie '24 ..... President Sweet  
Alma Mater

J. G. Grant '19 ..... Dr. J. W. A. Stewart  
Our Ladies.

G. Brownridge '26 ..... Miss Ruth Willey '27

The closing feature of the programme was the rendering of the Class '24 Song and various college yells.

The event remains a happy memory for the members of the graduating classes who appreciate very much the honor done them at this time by the undergraduates.

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## SOCIAL NOTES

A Saturday, in the early spring was one of many occasions on which the girls of Class '24 were glad of the fact that they were girls. For what greater privilege could girls ask than to be entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Wilkins. Mrs. Sweet was also present and added the charm of her personality to the pleasure of the occasion. This indeed is one of the many delightful occasions which will remain long in our memories.

As might be expected, originality characterized the party given by Professor Dadson, a few days before the commencement of examinations, in honor of the graduating class. Dr. and Mrs. Sweet, Dr. and Mrs. Wilkins, Dr. and Mrs. Stewart and members of the lady faculty were also guests. The party was held in the drawing-room of the Prince Edward Hotel where everything was made cozy and homelike. Novel and amusing games formed a delightful entertainment for the evening, at the close of which dainty refreshments were served.

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A short time prior to the close of lectures Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Maxwell entertained the class at a delightful dinner at which Dr. and Mrs. Wilkins and Mr. Hurd were also guests. The tables were attractively decorated in the class colors of green and white and Mrs. Maxwell's charming hospitality made the occasion particularly enjoyable. After dinner the evening was spent in a billiards tournament, the outcome of which gave us a new insight into the places at which some of the party must spend their time.

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On Monday morning, for the first time in their existence we believe, some of the members of Class '24 saw what 7 a.m. looked like! Some of course were bright and cheerful even at that almost unreasonable hour but others were so dazed and disinterested looking that we are doubtful as to their habitual hour of rising. However, the brisk walk which was necessary in order to reach the iron bridge, where the class breakfast was to be held, was sufficient to fully awaken all; and by the time a fire was lit everyone was eager to begin. Bacon, toast, coffee and preserves were sufficient in quality and quantity to appease the hunger of even the most ravenous—we mention no names.

Soon new activities had to be discovered. Edythe and Mariorie were accordingly selected to choose sides for a baseball game. But that too is a chapter of which we will mention no details—the dignity of seniors is too much prized to thus impair it. Suffice to say the success of the picnic breakfast was enough to overshadow the horror of the rising hour which is saying a good deal.



At The Iron Bridge

Tuesday afternoon of Convocation week Miss Marjorie McKenzie entertained the class at a delightful "tea-party." The girls spent the first part of the afternoon working on the class flag which was made of Old English letters in white, designed by Morice Maxwell, placed on a bright green background. The young men dropped in about five o'clock to enjoy the tea hour and to offer various remarks regarding the work put on the flag.

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The tennis tournament of mixed doubles staged Thursday after-noon proved a very interesting feature of the closing round of events. With something almost akin to breathless excitement the final game was watched, which ended by bringing the winning honors to Vera and Russ.

After the tournament, with that restless excitement which characterizes would-be graduates, impatiently awaiting final examination results, and being still on pleasure-bent the group motored out to the dam. Here, on the banks, by the quiet waters of the Saskatchewan, the secrets of the lunch-box, so mysteriously packed by the "Supervisor of the cook's galley" were revealed. After doing full justice to its delicious contents and after some of the party had experienced the thrill of boom-walking, as the shadows began to fall the '24 "crew" having enjoyed a delightful outing turned homewards.

Miss Lillian Edmison was a charming tea-hostess Friday afternoon when she entertained the class at her home. A delightfully carefree group it was that met that day, for the morning had brought the impatiently-awaited, yet, welcome word of success. Gay chatter filled the room as the class once again enjoyed a happy hour together.

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Sunday evening was the occasion of a charming reception when Mrs. G. F. Doig entertained at her home in honor of the graduating class. Mrs. F. W. Sweet and Mrs. W. L. Wright did the honors at the prettily appointed tea-table. Among the guests present included Chancellor H. P. Whidden of Toronto and Rev. H. R. Nobles, Regina.

## CLASS PROPHECY

One chilly evening of March 1965 an elderly, white-haired lady was dozing by a fireside, her feet on a stool and a forgotten book in her lap. The sound of a bell suddenly broke the silence and the old lady was startled to hear one of the children of the house say, "There is someone to see you mother." Who on earth could be coming to see her on this evening, she wondered—surely one of the neighbors wanting to borrow something. But as she glanced up, she beheld a strange and very peculiar-looking figure. An elderly man in a heavy great coat, a plaid shawl over his shoulders, stood in the doorway, leaning on a heavy knotted cane. Where could she have known him before? This figure seemed entirely strange to the old lady and yet there was something hauntingly familiar about his sparkling blue eyes.

Then he spoke and said, "Well Vera how has the world been treating you? I happened to be passing through here tonight and couldn't resist dropping in to talk over old times with you."

Back through the years flew her memory until with scenes of old college days the girl, Vera Fielding, recalled the boy, A. J. Kennedy, whom this man had been. What excited chatter then followed! Their little visit had not progressed very far before queries as to the whereabouts of old classmates arose.

The old lady called in her daughter, saying, "Where did you put that old plaque, dear—the picture of my class?"

"Why, mother," replied the girl, "that old fashioned thing! I put it out of sight, away up in the attic."

"Well run along and get it then," responded the mother. "This gentleman and I want to look it over."

In the meantime, the man told briefly of his life—of how he had taught school for a few years after graduation, but had finally been asked to take over the management of a large newspaper and had in this way acquired a comfortable fortune. The woman in return told of how she too had taught school for a time.

"But," she said, "French and Maths soon became so utterly tiresome that I decided that married life would be preferable. I married one of the professors from the school in which

I was teaching and we've had a very, very happy life indeed. I've always been thankful that I didn't spend the rest of my days over  $x + y$  problems."

By this time the young lady had brought down a soiled, old-fashioned-looking picture which proved to be the old college group of Class '24.

"Why how funny it seems now," said Vera. "Look how odd the bobbed hair and those narrow collars and ties appear. Isn't it sad to think of how long ago that must be? I would love to be able to see them all now." Then in sudden excitement she added, "Why I know what we'll do! My youngest son has built one of those newest radios by which you not only hear the other party but can see them as well."

In much excitement the radio was set up and the fun began.

"Let's see if we can find Russ," said A. J., "I'd like to see the old boy again. I wonder if he is still paying off library debts or if he can now afford to spend his time in Recreation."

Vera turned and twisted several keys and buttons, and after a slight buzzing, the glass cleared and they found themselves looking in on Russ, Baldwin. A portly man he now appeared with iron grey hair, lounging in a large upholstered leather chair in a long, comfortable-looking room.

"Hello Russ," said A. J. "This is your old friend A. J. broadcasting."

Sudden joy lit the face of Russ and he immediately arose and hurried over to the radio instrument at the other end of the room and adjusted it for broadcasting.

"Why hello," came back to the horn on the first set. "Where are you anyway?"

Immense questions flashed back and forth and in response to the query as to what he was doing and how he was coming along, Russ explained, "Oh I'm down at my club now and was just about to amble on home, for all the other boys have left already. Oh you bet, it's a bachelor's life for me. I struck it rich in oil so I live at a nice club now and work occasionally on the grain exchange."

By this time someone cut in with, "Get off the air. May options have risen two points."

Vera and A. J. next decided to try to locate Floyd Van Schaick. They finally found him away up in Dawson City running a lonesome-looking little mission.

"Why Van," exclaimed Vera as soon as connections were established. "What on earth are you doing up there."



The sad expression on poor Van's face deepened. "Well," said he, "perhaps you heard, I had a very good place in educational work and had very promising prospects, but suddenly my whole future was ruined by a disappointment in love. My hopes were so utterly thwarted that I've been a woman-hater ever since, and came up here to drown my sorrow, in the great open spaces where men are men."

"Poor old Van," sighed A. J. with a glance at Vera, as he began trying to make connections with Ernest Church.

He turned and twisted and adjusted everything possible but could get nothing but a series of weird whistles through the horn and only vague vapours crossed the glass. Finally they gave up in disgust and decided to look up Marjorie McKenzie. A few adjustments revealed to them a speaker's platform and a crowded auditorium and they caught the eloquent words of the speaker, now a world-famed lecturer. They felt it impossible to commune with her under the circumstances, so passed on to find Les Dorrett.

The scene in the glass slowly revealed the interior of an office, on the door of which was printed, "Dominion Statistician." Seated at a huge desk and surrounded by sheets of paper covered with figures was Les.

"Oh yes," he told them, "that's what I am, Dominion Statistician. I prepare statistics for the Dominion Government and like the work immensely. I'm just completing now, a pamphlet on "The Source of American Money in Manitoba." Oh it's a great job all right."

Vera and A. J. loathe to interrupt such important calculations hurried on to find Bob Doig. They did everything possible to adjust the machine, but met with the same fruitless results as they had in the case of looking for Ernest Church. They tried next to locate Edythe Ball but in her case, after repeated efforts, were compelled to give up also. They were successful however, in locating Clarence Cole.

High up in a city office they found him, and heard him murmuring over and over "death, death, death." Fear blanched the faces of the listeners. Surely Clarence was not contemplating suicide! If they could only get a message through to him in time to prevent any such rashness. Then they heard him exclaim in sudden joy, "Oh, I have it, 'breath'." Imagine their intense relief as they realized that Clarence was merely writing poetry! They learned what they wished to know from the sign, "President of the Canadian Authors Association," on the door, and fearing lest they disturb the poet's inspirations, passed on in search of Morice Maxwell.

As the glass in which they gazed cleared once more they saw a dignified-looking man—immaculate in every way in spite of the fact that he was in overalls—with a "Saturday Evening Post" protruding from a hip pocket.

"Well, I'll tell you," answered Morice. "I have established his identity. "what can you be doing in that garb?"

"Well, I'll tell you," answered Morice. "I have a prosperous business and important connections in the city but for a pastime I run this rabbit farm. I have a good deal of leisure and old associations left me with a tender spot, which makes me enjoy caring for these bunnies. I was just going in to get ready for town. I have an important engagement so must run along. Call me up some other time."

"Now let's see if we can find Lillian," said Vera, and they proceeded to make adjustments. But they tried in vain. "That's the most peculiar things," said Vera. "We get the same strange results as in looking for Church and Bob and Herb and Edythe. How far away do you suppose they must be that we can't locate them?"

"You don't suppose they're dead, do you?" exclaimed A. J.

"Why perhaps that's it," said Vera. "We might try the spirit world anyway."

After attaching a more powerful amplifier, the thin vague vapours which they had seen while trying for these friends before, appeared again, and the same ghostly whistles could be heard through the loud speaker. Eventually the mists took on a somewhat more definite form and they perceived the vague image of Ernest Church laden down with what looked like ancient manuscripts.

"Why Ernest," exclaimed A. J. "Are you a spirit already? I do wish you'd tell me if you are happy or not."

"Well," replied Church, "this place might be a whole lot worse, but like the ghosts of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" we are weighed down and haunted by our earthly indiscretions. I carry on my shoulders the weight of the scripts of all the sermons which I preached on earth, and I certainly realize now that some of them were pretty heavy. And as though that weren't enough—I'm tortured by having to listen to them night and day. However, I led a comparatively blameless life and I expect redemption before long."

"Are any more of our classmates there?" asked A. J.

"Oh yes," replied Church. "Here comes Edythe Ball now. Poor soul! Her hair never grew and she is constantly haunted by the smell of burned beans. Her worst punishment for annoying others, however, I think, is that she is bound about by

a seemingly endless chain of fountain-pens, which on pain of extinction, she is bound to keep filled. Oh and here comes Bob Doig. Poor Bob has a hard time navigating. He is bound hand and foot with dry-goods. An exasperating tangle is formed about him of all the short ends of silks, crepes and cottons—all just an inch or fraction of an inch wide—the infinitesimal amounts of which he cut people short during his years of service in a department store. He never realized that these little bits mattered and got away with it very nicely while on earth. But your sins soon find you out in these regions.”

“But Bob,” exclaimed Vera. “We thought you were still alive. The last we heard of you was of a happy marriage.”

“Happy,” sighed Bob. “That’s what killed me. I foolishly changed my mind and married someone who had not studied domestic science and before three months were over I died from indigestion.”

Just then, a peculiar-looking figure hove into view in the glass. To the watchers it looked as though it might be Bluebeard or Henry VIII, or, on closer inspection, a huge valentine. Then the ghost-like jaw of the figure dropped into a smile and Vera and A. J. recognized their old classmate Herb Robertson.

“Why Smiley,” cried A. J. “You certainly present a very queer figure. What is it that bothers you in this place?”

“Ah,” sighed Herb. “I am destined forever to carry about with me this terrible load, constructed from the broken hearts of women I have known on earth.”

“What a place,” exclaimed Vera. “Are there any more of our friends there?”

“Oh yes,” spoke up Ernest Church. “Lil is here but I’m afraid she is too busy to see you. For the poor soul is over yonder, playing a harp, desperately trying to drown out the sound of her own singing which tortures her day and night.”

“But are you happy,” queried A. J.

“Oh yes,” he responded. “No one could be very sad where Mr. Dadson is. Oh yes he’s here. He seems to have been able to get away with a good deal though, for he has no chain to weigh him down. He is a slight sylph-like spirit and even here seems to find something to joke about. But we must be on our way now. We have our nightly duties to perform and I am on the council for enforcing order here so must hurry on. Call us up any time you care to make connections.”

As the glass of the radio gradually dimmed and the voice of Ernest Church drifted off, A. J. and Vera looked sadly at each other.

“Well,” sighed Vera, “that’s certainly a sad lesson for us. It is very fortunate we were given warning while there is yet time to mend any careless little ways.”

“Oh,” replied A. J. “I don’t know—I’m not afraid. I don’t think I have ever done anything wrong.”

“Well perhaps not,” said Vera. “You don’t look as though you had, but then, you never can tell!—You never can tell!”

And both sat silent, watching the last embers of the dying fire whiten into ashes, cold and grey.

L. EDMISON.

## BACCALAUREATE SERMON

An unusually large congregation filled the First Baptist Church to the doors and many remained standing on the evening of Sunday May 18th, which was the date selected for the Baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of this year. Class '24, attired in their arts gowns proceeded to the front seats and were followed by the faculty and other members of the student body, who occupied the remainder of the center section of the church.

The large gathering was reverently hushed as the invocation by Dr. F. W. Sweet marked the opening of the service. The scripture lesson was read by Rev. C. G. Stone, and prayer was offered by Dr. H. P. Whidden, Chancellor of McMaster University, who voiced the deepest sentiments of the hearts of all those present.

The musical part of the program included a duet, "Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove," very sweetly and feelingly sung by Misses E. Jarrett and M. Cameron; and the beautiful rendering of the anthem, "Hark, Hark My Soul" by the choir.

After the singing of the McMaster Hymn, Rev. H. R. Nobles B.A., B.D., pastor of the First Baptist Church, Regina, delivered the Baccalaureate sermon. "Voices," was the subject of his discourse, his text being found in 1 Cor. 14:10—"There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and no kind is without signification."

"With all of the vital significance of historic periods of the past, surely no hour of human experience has been more fraught with meaning than this great time to which we belong. There are so many voices ringing in our ears, and sounding in our souls that it were well for us to become attuned, or we stand in danger of mistaking discords for harmonies—of confusing the sounds of the night with the clarion calls of the day. There never was a time like this. What a century God is giving us! O the tang of life like ours, the unspeakable privilege of being a soul just now!

Less than a quarter of our century has rolled up the written scroll, and yet there are such luminous lines upon it that the very Heaven of heavens must read it all, in amazed wonder. Think of its unparalleled paradoxes. On the one hand there is the quickening step of an advancing civilization, and on the other, the devouring deviltries of a world catastrophe, the effects of which are still so many savage teeth, biting into the very vitals of nations. Science has taken the wings of the morning, and rides like madness round the world. Oceans are lakes, the air is paved with lanes of transport, and we whisper through the ether. The unused octaves are giving up their secrets, and we breathlessly await next year's additions to the swelling tides of the known. "Who knows," says someone, "next year we may find our souls and discover God." As never before, men bend the knee to Jehovah, the Scriptures are circulated,

the triumphs of the Cross are heralded, and over against this trinity of hope, multitudes caress pleasure, embrace iniquity, and cry aloud by their conduct, "Away with God—this century belongs to us." In the confusion there are many voices, "and none of them is without signification."

Every man stands upon his own particular soap-box, and satisfied that within the narrow confines of his own precious pate the final gleams of truth are shining, lustily cries forth his wares for the good of the world. Labor having reached the uncertain throne, perhaps a trifle confused by its very prominence, shouts its remedies aloud. "Levy Capital, and cure all ills," it says before the Election. "The path to security lies in the direction of evolutionary Socialism," it declares after the Election. "Divide the goods," demands the Communist. "Away with kings," insists the Anarchist. "God is confusion," explains the Bolshevik. "Unite the churches," urges the religionist. "Keep your head, for you will require it," says the observer of men and events. And all of the voices have meaning, for they represent the urge of restless spirits that grope longingly after truth, as blind men feel for light.

The EXEGESIS of the Text which has been chosen for this occasion is really not difficult. That glorious warrior of the battles of the Son of God, the Apostle Paul, was writing to that little company of believers meeting at Corinth, CONCERNING PROBLEMS OF LIFE, and disputes of faith. The situation in Corinth was a distressing one. There was a horrible moral problem in the midst, and there were vexing anxieties concerning faith and practice. In this particular chapter, in which the text is found, the question of speaking with tongues is discussed. It was an apostolic gift, but like many others was subjected to abuse. So it comes that the Apostle tells them that the gift of prophesy is of more value to the church than that of speaking with tongues. The difficulty is one of interpretation. It avails nothing, he warns them, unless one knows the meaning of the strange tongue. Musical instruments must give forth their variety of notes, he says by way of illustration, or no tune will be recognized, and the clarion must be distinct or none will heed its summons to battle. There are many tongues or voices in the world, but they must be known, to be of practical worth. Although there are so many, and the people of Corinth well knew the meaning of the variety of language, yet none are without significance.

And so it comes about that we are going to take this illustrative word of long ago to the Corinthian church, and make use of it as a suggestive train of thought for our complex modern life, and more especially at this hour, for you whose minds and hearts are filled with voices, as you stand at that high place on the road of your experience, where there is a solemn parting of the ways. May I invite your attention to that which we are hearing with increasing loudness—to that which may strike your trained minds as so many jarring discords, now that the sheltering days of college life are rapidly drawing to a close, for at least, a number of you. I refer to

### 1.—THE VOICES OF CONFUSION

One of the very first of these voices that will strike upon your souls is the cry of the market. You may resent it, by reason of these years of intellectual retreat. Sometimes the temptation comes to us to regard the great world of business as an utterly unspiritual realm. That is quite wrong. It may indeed be a sphere of operation for men

who have no regard for the fine ethics of the market but who look upon it solely as a means to increasing self-interest. But just as surely there are those whose souls are fired with the righteousness of business. None the less, modern business gives forth a voice of confusion. There is the strident, brazen tone of the self-seeker whose God is his own ends, and whose cry is more and yet more gain, whether by fair means or by those that can be seriously questioned. We cannot escape the market. We will be going down into it every day of life, and doing business there. It will seek our doors, and we must meet it. Sometimes it will fill you with loathing and disgust, and you will find that your faith in humanity is slipping. At this very hour there are revelations from our own business life that are anything but encouraging. Yet we must ever remember that the cry of the market, like all other voices, has significance. It is a necessary voice, and it is given to Christian leadership to transform the voice of confusion into the ringing cheer of confidence.

Among the Babel of sounds there is forever the subtle SUMMONS OF THE SIREN. It is a voice with which one must reckon whether he be learned or unlearned. And mark it well—that shrill call can reach the heights of life as easily as it travels down the valleys. I am not thinking now of those temptations which invite one to throw the restraints of life lightly to one side. It is not expected that these will make devastating inroads upon souls that have made the discovery of life's High Tower. I am thinking, however, of that grave danger which confronts all of us, whereby we may make a compromise with the lesser things of life. In this connection the siren's voice is very seductive, and the argument is indeed subtle. It tells us that one may venture into the No Man's Land of life without fear of the consequences. It invites us to an inactive allegiance with the finer issues of being. It tells us that there are some things that are not really fire, although they may have the elements of fire within them. There is a peaceful penetration of evil that is just as death-dealing as a terrific onslaught of iniquity. And we will hear a voice, that if heeded will lead us to ethical confusion. Perhaps one may be accused of using the tones of yesterday, and yet I will make bold to appeal to you to stand foursquare, in connection with some of those questions of our own day and the day of our fathers as well, that have been the cause of frequent heart-burnings and much unhappiness. Dare to be a great soul rather than merely a broad soul. There are other dimensions of the soul as well as breadth. There is height that reaches to the grandeur of the Eternal, and there is a depth that searches all things, "Yea the deep things of God." Spurn the invitation to invest life's glowing, golden hours in the light and trivial things. It is not a matter of courage to float with the tide, but it takes soul-stuff to row up-stream.

And, then, we hear with more or less frequency, the DISCORD OF THE WRECKERS. That was a diabolical crime whereby, at one time, ships were lured to destruction, through the display of false lights along the shore. Many a good ship went to death because her master interpreted the twinkling light as the warning of a friend, rather than the false wooing of a foe. There are those in life today who are wreckers of faith because of their false cries. Their alarms are frequently needless, their ethics do not savor of the faith which they so loudly defend, and little wonder that there is something of perplexity in the mind of youth to-day in connection with the question of religion. And I fear that there are those who are making all too

frequent use of certain half-truths or over-emphasis of some phase of truth to gain purely selfish ends. Indeed are there not profiteers of our very pains at work among us? It will not always be easy to separate these discords that wreck the fine adventure of the soul, from the beautiful silvery tones of the Man of Galilee. That is not because of any resemblance in the notes, but rather because confusion is due to false notes coming forth from what one might suppose to be a sincere instrument.

And now may we think of something with which you are very familiar by reason of these years of training. I refer to

## 2.—THE VOICES FROM THE PAST

We have heard them distinctly. We have studied with care their place in the development of civilization. We have considered from time to time the reasons for their growing strength or their impotent weakness. Have we interpreted their significance?

It is a great addition to one's working material to understand something of the NOTE OF NATIONS. The place of HISTORY on any curriculum is highly important. To roam down those dim aisles of yesterday, to see the figures of the moulders of Empire moving with stately tread along the high road of a nation's progress, to smell the battles of the past, to trace the course of the stream of our great world—here is a task worth attempting.

I shall not soon forget my first and last impressions of Westminster Abbey—that Valhalla of an Empire's mighty dead. On the occasion of my first visit I stood for a little in the Statesmen's Corner. It was my first glimpse of the rare old pile. When last I visited the place, I sat, through evensong, in the Poet's Corner. It seemed to me the very kings whose dust was resting yonder were there that day. Poets and men of war, authors and men of science, theologians and men of state were joining in the responses and adding their 'Amen' after prayer. I breathed a spirit that filled that noble edifice. It was the spirit of history, of Empire, of freedom, of righteousness. Aye, verily, the venerable Abbey that day was to me a very house of very God. And it was as though "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up, and his glory filled the temple." There were multitudinous voices from the past, and one could almost hear their living words for to-day. And such a thing is history that the student must catch the note of nations. This people arose, reached the zenith of power, and gradually entered upon a period of disintegration. They made their contribution to civilization and passed on. They lifted their voice in the chorus of the world, and then were silent. And always the voice was not without signification.

Yet do we hear other sounds among the voices of the past. There are nations and they have been, and are still many, but there are souls, and we must listen for the music from the voices that arises from THE STRUGGLE OF SOULS.

There is a stalwart soldier, blinded at mid-day, on his way to blot out Christianity from his map. Now he is speaking feebly—the old spirit has been broken on the rugged anvil of the Cross, and feeling after the way, he asks, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do."

There stands a Bishop, preaching what is to him the solemn truth of souls. And he is saying that unless the earth be the centre of the universe Christ hath died in vain. And there kneels Galileo, feeble through his three score years and ten, recanting. But listen to the



next breath after the forced recantation—"Yet does the earth move around the sun."

Yonder leaps Luther from his knees on the Scala Sancta, and a new day hears him shout from the splendid depths of his struggling soul, "The just shall live by FAITH.

Forth from these and countless others come the cries of struggle, and that is a sign of souls. And every voice of the soul has significance.

And now you are about to go forth to the work of life. To-morrow is Commencement Day, and you will henceforth be hearing

### 3.—THE VOICES OF THE DAWNING

God grant that all the children of the light might hear and heed those holy voices. They are the clear and distinct calls from the uplands. They are the voices of the better way of life. Tens of thousands are hearing them just now, and to-morrow depends upon the faith of those who to-day are sufficiently daring in soul, to live for truth and God. And rising above all the clamor of our busy life you will hear the STERN CALL OF REALITY. It is a great thing to discover the real. I do not mean for a single second to tell you that there is no place for the mystic element in life. We will miss much if we eliminate that, but I do mean that there are certain solid places for our souls. There is truth as surely as there is daylight. There is God as truly as there is humanity. There is duty as clearly defined as the day's task. There is the spiritual life as naturally and as wonderfully as there is the natural life. And you and I may walk in company with heaven if we will.

And one of the voices of the dawning will be that ringing challenge to the HEARTENING ADVENTURE OF THE SOUL. "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." There is a vasty realm, and we have by no means explored all of its richness. It is the spiritual world. I take that you have met the Master of life and flung your lives at his feet in response to that heroic challenge of his, to your highest selves. Well then, I want us to see that there is a wonderful series of experiences before us. Science will bring us new light. We will welcome it. Research will reveal fresh discoveries that will enshrine truth the more. We will be glad because of it. We are not going to fear what these things may do to our prejudices. We are going to be glad with a great gladness because of our enlarged view of the Divine. I was reading a review recently of Flammarion's latest book, and as I read, more especially concerning the newer ideas of space and that vastness out yonder peopled with a multitude of Milky Ways, I declare to you that I could have leaped over my desk through sheer exaltation of soul. I said to myself again and yet again—"Thank Heaven I am a soul—a son of such a God as this."

And then finally I am sure that of the voices that have significance you are going to catch that one that bids you make THE INCREASING DISCOVERY OF FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST. I mean by that, a constantly deepening sense of the divine in life. I mean the discovery of the very philosophy of life as the Christian way of looking at things. You will find your explanation of the glory of the world, the majesty of seas, the grandeur of the sky, the riddle of life, the question of what lies beyond, in a vital and real religious experience. You will find in the revelation of God through Christ that which warms your heart. You will discover in the love of God as seen in the mysterious cross of Calvary that which meets your inmost need,

and you will feel the very leadings of God through His Spirit in your life. I am free to confess to you with gladness that there is nothing in life that means quite so much to me personally as the thought of God, in and through all. There are many things which are taught by some that I cannot accept, and be true to myself. There are more things in the adventure of faith that I cannot explain, but which bring great solace for the wounds of the soul. But there are an increasing number of facts that are glowing upon the hearthstone of the heart that are like so many voices from the heart of God Himself, and none of them is without signification.

'The voice of God's creation found me  
Perplexed 'midst hope and fear;  
For though His sunshine flashed around me,  
His storms at times drew near.

And I said—

O that I knew where He abideth  
For doubts beset our lot,  
And lo, His glorious face He hideth,  
And men perceive it not.

The Voice of God's protection told me  
He loveth all He made;  
I seemed to feel His arms enfold me,  
And yet was half afraid:

And I said—

O that I knew where I might find Him,  
His eye would guide me right:  
He leaveth countless tracks behind Him,  
Yet passeth out of sight.

The Voice of Conscience sounded nearer,  
It stirred my inmost breast:  
But though its tones were firmer, clearer,  
'Twas not the voice of rest:

And I said—

O that I knew if He forgiveth,  
My soul is faint within,  
Because in grievous fear it liveth,  
Of wages due to sin.

It was the Voice of Revelation  
That met my utmost need:  
The wondrous message of salvation  
Was joy and peace indeed:

And I said—

O how I love the sacred pages  
From which such tidings flow,  
As monarchs, patriarchs, poets, sages,  
Have longed in vain to know.

For now is life a lucid story,  
And death a rest in Him,  
And all is bathed in light and glory  
That once was dark or dim:

And I said—

O Thou who dost my soul deliver,  
And all its hopes uplift:  
Give me a tongue to praise the Giver,  
A heart to prize the gift.'"

## VALEDICTORY

At this time Class '24 bids farewell to her Alma Mater, that great "Spirit Mother" who has taken our individual selves and moulded them into one, so that to-day we speak as a class. Due to her influence, it has been made possible for individuals and class to add their quota to that intangible yet irresistible something, which we call "The Brandon College Spirit." It has become the golden fetter that binds together all the sons and daughters of Brandon, wherever they may be. Through it we feel that though we may wander to the ends of the earth yet we shall always bear a very vital relation to our College Mother.

The task has not been an easy one for her, yet she has never faltered, knowing that what she had done for others she could do for us. When we came to her, the world had but recently emerged from the holocaust of war. In some places the flames of conflict still burned fiercely, and in others, confusion, distress and suffering reigned over the wreckage of empires. Yet, we in our Canadian homes, safe from these horrors, had grown callous to the suffering of others and we thought that since the war was over we could settle down to the same life as we had led before it began. But that could never be and our Alma Mater knew it. Ever conscious of the heroic service her sons had offered for the cause of freedom she called upon us, to whom was given the privilege of living in this wonderful new day, to learn the great lesson of sacrifice. In memory of the fallen, and for the development of future citizenship she proposed the building of a gymnasium. While the gymnasium campaign was at its height a call came from the suffering students in Central Europe and our 'Mother' said to us, "Go to the aid of your brothers and sisters in need." This appeal, touching the students' sympathy, met with immediate and sacrificial response. The result was that "Brandon" took a leading place among Canadian colleges in the work of Student Relief. Gradually we came to realize that there was much more to live for than appeared in our own intimate circle. Our Alma Mater was endeavoring to show us that "true happiness can alone be found in service to others."

To-day, as we prepare to leave our college home, it is with difficulty that we find expression for our feelings. Gratitude, regret and hope are striving in turn, to gain the place of supremacy in our thoughts.

In looking back over our four years in college we feel that help and inspiration have come to us through many channels.

We shall always be appreciative of the work of our professors, of their untiring efforts exerted on our behalf and shall cherish their friendship as one of the richest fruits of our college experience. We are grateful to the founders of our college who in building, thought not only of the present but of the future as well. They were men and women of vision who looked down through the years and seeing the need of a strong Christian college in the West were willing to give their very best that "Brandon" might be a reality. Surely we are inspired to venture much in the cause of truth when we think of their self-sacrifice and undaunted courage. Neither would we forget that great company of friends throughout Canada and the United States, who through their contributions have made, and continue to make possible, the carrying on of the great work of the College. We appreciate the able administration of the Board of Directors, whose great faith in Christian education makes them willing to devote valuable time to the promotion of its activities. Our life and association with our fellow students have been the happiest possible. We believe that we may count the friendships formed here among the warmest and most permanent of our experience. Those who have gone on ahead, have left high traditions behind them that have been an inspiration to us; those who are still to follow, we believe, will carry on those traditions to student generations yet to come. We are happy that it was our good fortune to enter college while Dr. Whidden was president. We look back with pleasure to his kindly guidance in years gone by. We take heart when we think how steadfastly he labored for the College in the trying days of the war; and we rejoice to know that as Chancellor of McMaster University there is still a link between us. The choice of a successor in the person of Dr. Sweet, we deem a very happy one. It scarcely seems possible that we have known our new president for such a short time. Not only has he excellently adjusted himself to every tradition of the College but he has himself become a vital factor in the very life of us all. His kindly smile, his helpful word and his unbounded optimism have won for him a permanent place in our hearts. We are proud to have the distinction of being the first class to graduate under his administration. Perhaps lastly, we may express our sincere joy, that it is Brandon College which we claim as our Alma Mater. We are confident that there is no college in Canada that more rightly deserves the allegiance of its graduates than does "Brandon."

One might ask why we consider that "Brandon" can give us something in our course that is lacking in many other col-

leges. Is it not possible to obtain its equal in another institution? We think not. Brandon College is ideally situated in a small city. Her student body is comparatively small, giving the advantage of personal relationships. The faculty is composed of consecrated men and women, who in a very personal way come in touch with their students. Another outstanding characteristic marking Brandon College as a superior institution is the spirit of service and fairplay that permeates its whole life. The student entering this college must of necessity realize that a higher education means greater responsibility, as well as greater privileges, and in leaving his Alma Mater the opportunity is given him to use his new-found knowledge in a manner that will best serve the interests of his fellow men. We rejoice in the privilege that is ours in being identified with a college that seeks to develop the lives of its students along the lines of the highest good.

Our regrets are equally sincere in that we have not used our opportunities while here to greater advantage. We realize now, too late, that much we might have done is left undone, and much that we did do, that might have been done better. We hope that our successors may profit more by their opportunities. We greatly regret that through illness, one member of our class has been left behind. His cheerful disposition and readiness to help, his class loyalty and willingness to sacrifice himself for others has so endeared him to us all that we feel a vacancy in our ranks which no one else can fill. We trust he will always feel that Class '24 considers him one of them. We regret that we must leave our many friends, among professors and students, yet we feel that through our contact with them our lives have been enriched and as a result we go out to-day stronger, to face the conflicts of life alone. We are sorry that we must leave the shelter of our Alma Mater, but know that she bids us go and practise what she has taught us here. So, in the midst of our regrets we go forth with a high hope for the future.

We have great hopes for our Alma Mater. We are very confident that she will continue to expand in a material way. We have seen the first unit of the science building erected, and the Memorial Gymnasium almost become a reality in our day. This splendid beginning toward "Greater Brandon" augurs well for future progress. We hope that with her material expansion she may not lose her spirit of devotion and service. May she ever in the years to come be the stronghold of Truth that she has been in the past. As for our personal hopes—we cherish the desire that we may always be true to the high ideals which our Alma Mater has held and still holds for us; we hope

that we may always be loyal to our College Mother and worthy of the confidence she has placed in us; we long to enter more fully into the garden of Knowledge and Truth, the gate of which has been opened to us during our college days. May we even explore new fields, wherein man has never yet trod. We hope that through it all, our constant aim may be to serve our fellowmen and bring light and joy into lives that are filled with darkness and pain. Thus perhaps, Class '24 may do her part in hastening the day when "Men shall brothers be, the wide world o'er" and The Prince of Peace shall reign supreme over the "parliaments of men."

E. J. CHURCH.

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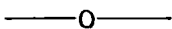
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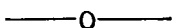
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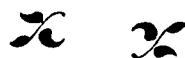
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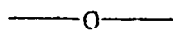
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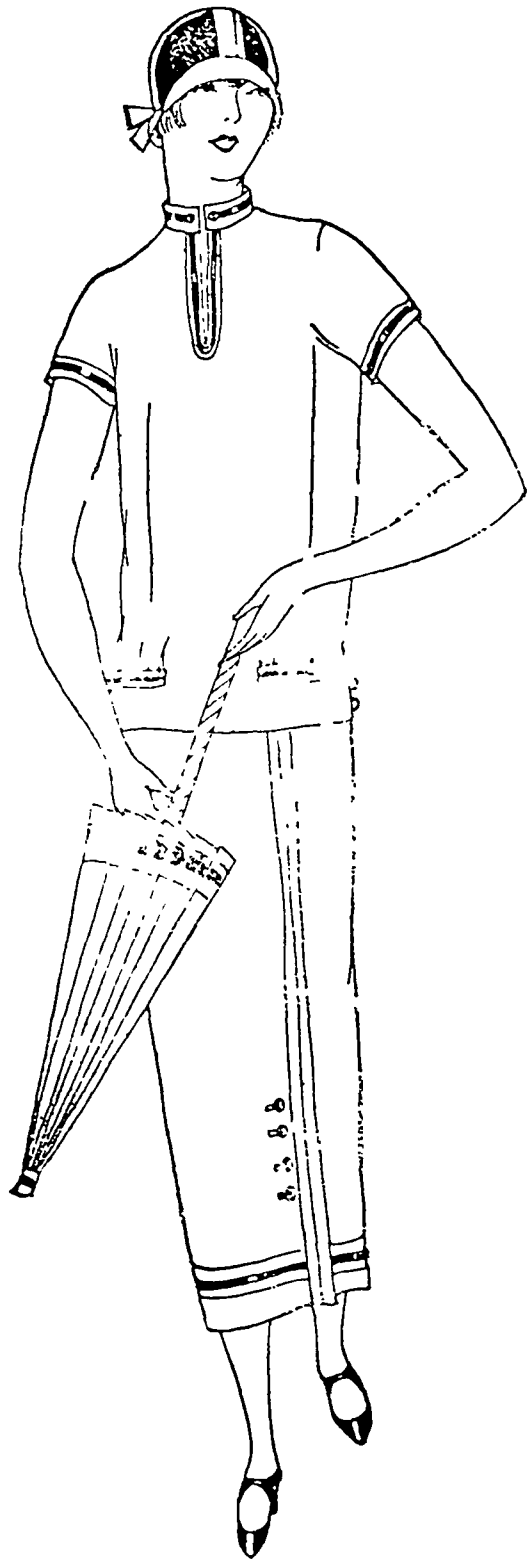
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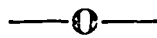
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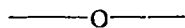
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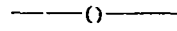
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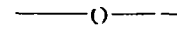


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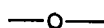
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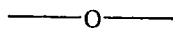
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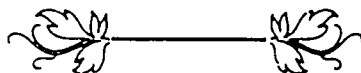
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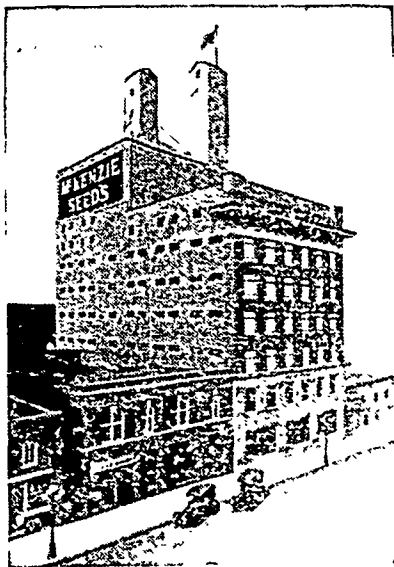
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**We're right on the job."**

—o—

## W. W. KIDDS SHAVING PARLORS

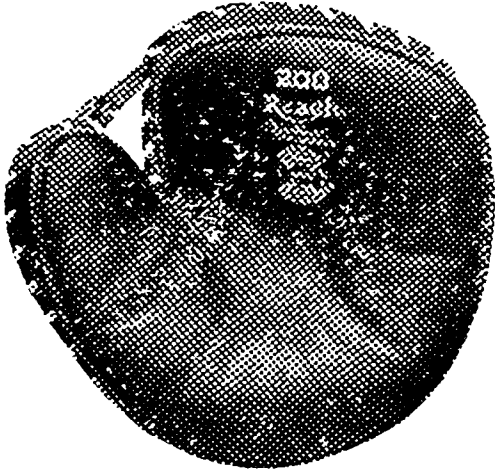
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Opposite Nation & Shewan

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# THE NAME "REACH"

indicates the utmost excellence in Baseball supplies. See us for all Sporting



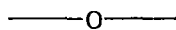
goods, we have a full stock of Baseball, Tennis goods, Fishing tackle, etc., etc.

**Johnson Hardware Co.** COR. 9th ST.  
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**Bowling — Billiards — With Modern  
Equipment.**

## DO YOU EVER GET THE BLUES?

WHEN THAT ALGEBRA QUESTION SIMPLY WON'T COME OUT RIGHT—WHEN YOU HAVE LOST YOUR HATEN CRIB, GOT A SOUP TICKET IN MATHEMATICS OR SOME BIRD HAS DATED YOUR BEST GIRL, A SURE CURE IS TO DROP INTO THE RECREATION AND FORGET YOUR TROUBLES IN CLEAN ENJOYABLE INDOOR SPORT.



**THE RECREATION BOWLING ALLEYS  
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# MOUNTAIN'S

SHOP WINDOWS ARE GOOD INDEX  
TO THE STORE BEAUTIFUL

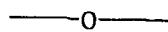
139 TENTH STREET



THE WOMAN'S SHOP OF WORTH

# MOUNTAIN'S

ARE REACHING OUT FOR YOUR  
BUSINESS AND OFFER TRUE VALUES  
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YOUR CALL APPRECIATED.

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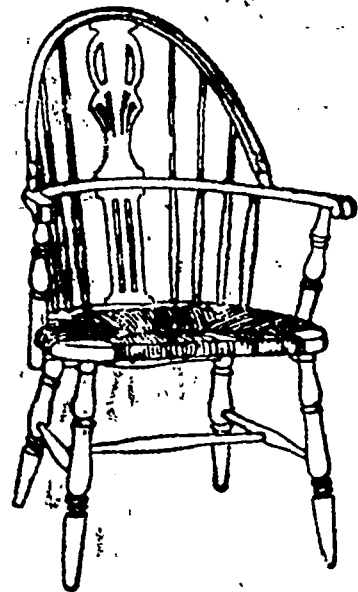


# June is a Furniture Month

Because it is the wedding month of the year. The bride of to-day appreciates and looks for furniture of high quality.

Our Stock consists of good furniture moderately priced.

**Furniture**  
**Draperies**  
**Linoleums**  
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*Eighth Street - - Near Rosser*

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